

# Contemporary Review

incorporating THE FORTNIGHTLY

No. 1088 AUGUST 1956

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CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

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## A NEW LOOK IN THE KREMLIN ?

THE question that interests us most at the present time in the field of foreign affairs is the nature of the changes that seem to be going on in Russia. At the death of Stalin there was already a sense of the relaxation of tension. Since then there have been periods when it seemed that there would be a reversion to the old system. Now the floodgates have been opened by the famous Krushchev speech. In a country that is ruled by a dictatorship, in this case by an oligarchy of party officials, and has no free press, interpretation is not easy. Two things however seem to have happened. First the ruling powers in the Kremlin must have been influenced by the general discontent inside the country over the tension abroad and the short commons at home. In the case of the latter the agricultural and food situation is little, if any, better. The heavy industry and armament drive starves the home market of consumer goods and this in turn lowers the spirit of the collective farm peasants who do not put their backs into the food production drives. Krushchev's plan to turn the Central Asian steppe of Khazakistan into a granary has had only very meagre results, largely because of basic climatic conditions which can only in part be overcome. When Krushchev replaced Malenkov and the Red Army increased its influence in the Government it seemed that an all-out armament and heavy industry drive would be possible by a large increase in home food production. This has not taken place to the necessary extent. It seems therefore that policy is being thought out afresh. It may be that consumers' interests will now be more considered and that this will carry with it a reduction in the armament drive. But nothing in this direction has happened yet. The demobilisation of 1½ million troops is just propaganda and does not alter the military situation in the least.

The second thing that seems to have happened is the relaxation of tension in the field of foreign relations. This has to some extent been the result of the first series of extents. The public at home need their spirits raising and a readiness to produce more would be engendered if they felt that it was not all hopeless, that peace and prosperity on an international scale is possible. Also there is little doubt that the organisation of its defences by the West under NATO, inadequate though they may be, has put a discount on military adventures of the Korean type. The hydrogen bomb stalemate has clinched the matter, for the Russians are certainly as frightened as we are of the prospects before humanity of a push-bottom war of this type if it were allowed to start. But it would be altogether unwise to assume that the Russian Communists have given up their ultimate objectives. There is in fact no need for them to do so. Indeed their whole history has shown that, while keeping the ultimate objectives always in mind, namely the assistance of the spread of Communist systems throughout the world, they have at all times been ready to change their day to day tactics to meet a given world situation. Lenin made peace with the Prussian generals at Brest-Litovsk in February 1918, but tore the treaty up when the European situation changed eight months later. He allowed the New Economic Policy and the enrichment of the large peasant in 1921 to prevent an economic breakdown. Eight years later, when the time was ripe, Stalin tore this up and started on mass farm collectivisation. Today there is nothing to prevent a

milder foreign policy which will cause the West to think less of its armaments and relax, while Russia turns more to world economic problems. In this the Russian Communists no doubt think that their totalitarian system and greater regimentation will solve these problems easier than Western governments can with their need to consult their people all the time. It remains to be seen if they are correct in their assumption and it is up to us to see that they are not correct. Thus it is clear that their tactics are in line with those of Lenin and Stalin in the earlier days of the Communist era.

Going further back it is in line with the whole policy of previous Russian governments of the old regime. Russia was stopped after the Crimean War from keeping a fleet in the Black Sea. She retired and waited, and Western European disunion enabled her to get a fleet in that sea again in less than 20 years. When she was stopped from getting complete control of the Balkans at the Treaty of Berlin she devoted the next fifteen years to advancing in Central Asia. Internally the present regime may be entering a period of relaxation and reform like that of the regime of Alexander II, the emancipator of the serfs after the era of black reaction under his father Nicholas I. But Alexander II was too late. The Nihilist movement had already started and he fell a victim to it. His son Alexander III re-established the rule of the secret police and of exile to Siberia under administrative order. Is it too late today? Are the events in Posen an indication that a landslide has commenced and that, while it may take years, it may ultimately result in the liberation of the satellites from Russian rule? If so, can one reckon that a relatively liberal regime will continue in the Kremlin? May not a slide to freedom in Warsaw create a slide to severity in Moscow, a rule of Alexander III after one of Alexander II? For the Russian military leaders are convinced of their need for a chain of friendly states on their Western borders to defend the main body of Russia from anything like a Hitler onslaught again. If they cannot have a chain of friendly states, they must have a chain of coerced states. One cannot be sure how things will work out. But of one thing we can be sure. The regime in Russia will not fundamentally change now, any more than it has in the past. The Russian people have for centuries been used to Byzantine-Tartar theocratic rule and its modern form of Communist party bosses. There may be tactical changes this way or that but the basic system remains the same.

The most sensational evidence of the continuance of the old Russian tradition of strong government centred in one personality is the famous Krushchev speech. What many suspected but did not know for certain has now been revealed. For a time Russia was ruled not by an oligarchy of party leaders but by one man. It was a return to Tsarist absolutism with power concentrated in one person. Nothing like this had happened since the Revolution. In the early days the Soviets of workers, soldiers and peasants deputies met and openly discussed questions. Various revolutionary parties contested for their ideas within the Soviets and the Communists were one of many. Then the Communists got sole control and ousted the others, but within the Communist party there was a lively democracy and discussion was free within the framework of the dictatorship of the party. Finally democracy within the party was suppressed and power was concentrated in one man. Was it personal ambition? Probably it was just the normal human failing of "power tending to corrupt." Stalin saw the salva-

tion of the Revolution and of Russia in his own person. And he was ruthless and cruel enough to attain that power and keep it. Then why did not those who denounce him now put up some struggle against him, for Krushchev and the others are just as responsible for what happened as Stalin? It is difficult to tell how anyone, including ourselves, would act if we knew that one step against a tyranny may lead to torture and death. Only one thing is clear from this. Communism leads to this sort of thing because it shuts out individual freedom of judgment. As Dostoevsky showed years ago in his famous "Grand Inquisitor" chapter in the Brothers Karamazov, when citizens give up their individual rights of judgment to a system in return for material security the leader of that system becomes a god and above the law.

What should be our reactions to all this in the West? We cannot relax our defences because there is no certainty yet what will happen. The terrible nuclear deterrent which has done so much to bring about the present stalemate must continue, although one must hope with less experimental explosions. On the other hand do we need the immense burden of conventional weapons in Central Europe at its present level? One would have thought that the trip-wire type of ground defence would be enough and less costly in wasted man-power.

One thing is clear in the present mood of Russia. For the present at least the emphasis in foreign policy is going to be an all-out drive to swing the former colonial worlds of Asia and much of Africa into the Russian orbit. The instrument is to be economic aid to these countries. Russia starts with the advantage that the people of India, Burma, Indonesia and the Arab lands have never had any direct contact with her. They only know of her as being against the Western "imperialists" to whom they were once subject. Against this however the immensely greater economic strength of the Western world, especially of the U.S.A. and even of Western Germany (with this country a bad third), will make it easier to show the Asians and Africans who can more easily deliver the goods. But if we are to play any role in this great enterprise we shall have to master inflation, resolve our industrial disorders, and finally do what Mr. Gaitskell has proposed, namely devote one per cent of our national income to raising the productive power and wealth of the undeveloped parts of these two continents. Only in this way can we meet the new Russian challenge. And this means some sacrifice in our immediate consuming power.

One arena in which the Russians and the Western world will be competing for influence by economic aid is Yugoslavia. There is no reason to believe that Tito has fundamentally changed his policy. His visit to Moscow has been a personal triumph for himself and for the policy which his country has followed for several years. But he does seem now definitely to have entered the neutral world along with India, Burma, Egypt and some Arab countries. Hence his flirtation with India, his friendly gestures to Egypt, his acceptance of economic aid both from Russia and the United States. There is every reason to think that he will continue along this course. Nevertheless this course, together with the action of Greece in throwing herself behind the Cyprus movement for Enosis, has completely disrupted the Tripartite Defence Pact with Turkey. On the other hand it has not opened South East Europe to Russian Communist penetration. Rather has

it opened the satellite countries more than before to Titoist penetration. It has already heartened the widow of the judicially murdered Rejk to demand the removal of the Stalinist stooge, Rakosi, in Hungary. If the movement towards liberation within the satellites gathers momentum in the course of time, no small role in bringing it about will have been played by Tito's Yugoslavia which successfully defied Stalin and made the Kremlin go on a Canossa road.

How have the new Russian tactics affected the Middle East? Turkey of course stands firm as one would expect. But militarily she is now isolated by the virtual defection of Greece from NATO and the coolness of Yugoslavia for defence pacts. This however has not resulted in any moderation of Turkish policy over Cyprus. Indeed Turkey's complete refusal for the present at any rate to consider any compromise over Cyprus is something which has got to be reckoned with. If Cyprus was handed over to Greece, civil war in Cyprus and the expulsion of the Greeks from Istanbul and Thrace is the least one would have to expect. The refusal of the United States to take any part in this business, caused no doubt by the behaviour of our Government in refusing to regard the Cyprus issue as an international one, encourages Turkish intransigence. Turkey owes a lot of money to the United States and to ourselves. Together we might induce a little more reasonableness in Ankara, but never towards a purely Greek solution of the Cyprus issue.

As regards the Arab world the Russian successes in Egypt are largely due to their exploitation of the Arab hatred of Israel. Egypt is one of those former dependent countries where the new Russian economic drive can have big effects. The regime of Colonel Nasser is now firmly established. It has done more for the common man in Egypt than any previous Egyptian regime, but its success is going to its head and it aims at leadership and even control over the whole Arab world. The Arab awakening has been slowly gathering force for some years; it is now a dominating factor in the Middle East and the Russians are exploiting it. What should we do? Of one thing I am sure. It would be disastrous to allow ourselves to be blackmailed by Egypt. If Russia goes on sending arms to Egypt, we shall have to give more aid to Israel. The only hope of peace is in a balance on the Israel-Arab frontier. Again if Russia offers to build the High Dam at Assouan and Egypt accepts, we must call Egypt's bluff and threaten to support the Sudan in holding up Upper Nile waters, which she could very well do by "going it alone" with her own irrigation schemes. We have some cards to play if Egypt breaks the Nile Waters Agreement. The now independent Sudan will fall in with our ideas if Egypt acts alone in these matters. There is reason to think therefore that calmer counsels will prevail in Cairo if we keep our heads.

The other important Arab state that we must consider is Iraq. That country is in some ways the strongest of the Arab states. Under Nuri Said it is friendly to the Western world and is an important link in the chain of defence of the so-called "Northern Tier." In spite of Russia's playing down of military preparations it would be unwise to abandon the defence side of the Bagdad Pact. Iraq does not need an army with very modern weapons which would only be a provocation as things are today. What Iraq wants is an army that can keep order in the tribal areas bordering

Persia and for internal security. Communism is only likely to make any headway in Iraq among the student population and the professional and middle classes of the larger towns. Most of the country is busy making money through the well-planned schemes of the Commission that handles the oil royalty revenue. These schemes coming already to fruition are beginning to impress the average Iraqi. In spite of a strong feeling of Arab solidarity it is not likely that Iraq will alter her policy of resisting Egyptian domination of the Arab League. After all it is no accident that in Biblical times the people of the Tigris and Euphrates valleys were constant rivals of the people of the Nile valley.

M. PHILIPS PRICE

### THE POETRY OF WALTER DE LA MARE

**T**HREE is an extraordinary contrast between the true poetry of Walter de la Mare and some of the work that today steals the name and tries to shelter under the great aegis of poetry. The contemporary fashion of interchanging the labels of things very different in themselves has led to some fine confusion in literary criticism. Poetry for two thousand years has been described by the poets themselves as a kind of "song," an art of which the musical element has always been the distinguishing characteristic. Magic and music—not magic alone, but the magic evoked by the music of rhythmical language—were what gave to poetry its peculiar power. The pulse of song is not an artificial thing, for, as Emerson said,

"Thou canst not wave thy staff in the air  
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,  
But it carves the bow of beauty there,  
And the ripples in rhyme the oar forsake."

There is a sense indeed in which the rhythmical language, the metrical form by which thought and feeling at a certain stage of intensity move into a musical order, is at that particular stage the most natural and most perfect form of expression. The philosophical explanation of this is the plain scientific fact that the Universe itself is in the highest sense a metrical composition, the tides, the stars and the human heart all pulsing in rhythm. *Cosmos* was not only the ancient word for the harmony that binds the worlds in one, but also the word for beauty.

When Wordsworth writes those two lovely lines on the highland girl living near that clear mountain brook,

"And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face,"

both the thought and the music, perfectly wedded, have moved into a harmonious accord with what Stevenson called "the mightier movement." The magic evoked by the music has all the mystery of creation in it; simple and natural as the words may seem, they express something beyond the range of ordinary speech, and they belong to a category entirely different from the odd lengths of bad prose which are sometimes called poetry to-day, and which in their movement suggest the jerks of locomotor ataxia on the road to general paralysis of the insane. This is indeed the goal which seems to have

been achieved by some of the sophomoric aspirants to the prestige of poetry, who attract the attention of the Press by the straws in their hair.

Here, for instance, is an example by one of the acolytes:

So this is William  
Floss and I had half consumed  
our quartered hearts of lettuce before  
we noticed the others hadn't touched theirs  
You seem quite normal. Can you tell me? Why  
does one want to write a poem?

Because it's there to be written.  
Oh. A matter of inspiration then?  
Of necessity.  
Oh. But what sets it off?  
I am that he whose brains  
are scattered  
aimlessly

but of course that is quite true.

The extraction of a rotten tooth may be described with details which would do credit to a clinical text book, but there seems to be no earthly reason why the production, however meritorious, should be called etching, sculpture, painting, music or even poetry. It is argued by the professors of this kind of thing that, having exhausted ourselves in the quest for beauty, we must now turn to ugliness and the more congenial task of disgusting our neighbours in the name of Reality. No argument could be more disastrous to the future of poetry. Readers can be disgusted to satiation by almost any issue of the cheaper Sunday newspapers. If art and poetry are to have any justification for their existence, it is that they can set before us forms of perfection. They can open doors for us into a world in which truth and beauty are seen as attributes and aspects of one eternal Reality. Keats, without recourse to the reasoning of Plato, discovered this on the wings of his own music.

It is, however, quite useless to argue the case at the present day. The quest for new and more disgusting ways of creating a sensation has gone so far that if anyone dares to point out the obvious falsities of their exponents, the eyes of your interlocutor develop an insane squint while his lips utter the profound explanation: "Oh, but you see he does it on purpose." Or, probably ignoring the rarer passages of true poetry in Donne, he will quote with a knowing air the very worst, obscurest and most tortuous lines of that strange ecclesiastic. In order to show himself as an initiate, he will, with aesthetic gusto, pronounce Donne to rhyme with Bun, a pronunciation he had heard usually only a very short time ago. Fortunately there are other forces at work, and the tide seems to be on the turn. If it were not, there would be a gloomier significance in that line of the exquisite poem by Walter de la Mare, "Look thy last on all things lovely."

English poetry owes a great deal in these latter days to the magic and music of Walter de la Mare. He has always abstained from direct criticism of an age which has seen the rise of the anti-poets, as an American writer, Mr. Stanley Coblenz, has recently called them in an admirable book of that title, but the poetry of Walter de la Mare in its undertones expresses again and

again that longing for a lost country which can only be fulfilled *post hoc exilium*. We hear that note in "The Listeners":

' Is there anybody there ? ' said the Traveller,  
Knocking on the moonlit door.

It is difficult to trace the emergence of these things from the unconscious, but it has always seemed to me that the deep roots of this poem are to be found in a very ancient book where another Traveller is described as saying: "I stand at the door and knock."

For he suddenly smote on the door, even  
Louder, and lifted his head:—  
' Tell them I came and no one answered,  
That I kept my word,' he said.

There is the same note in what is to me the most beautiful of all his poems, the "Envoy" to his Mother:—

Never in twilight comes the moon to me,  
Stealing thro' those far woods, but tells of thee,  
Falls, dear, on my wild heart,  
And takes thy part.  
Thou art the child, and I—how steeped in age!  
A blotted page  
From that clear, little book life's taken away:  
How could I read it, dear, so dark the day?  
Be it all memory  
Twixt thee and me!

Here indeed is that natural affection of which one note outweighs in depth and beauty all the psychiatric ravings of the Anti-Poets; for, as Burns observed with terrible truth, there are certain ways of thought and life that "harden all within" and petrify all true feeling. It is in the natural affections of the human heart that true poetry is born.

The gift of finding that natural expression is a very rare one. Occasionally in his work Walter de la Mare gives what may be called an antique touch to the language, which might be charged with artificiality. But his magic always saves him, and he is clearly aware of the danger for he delightfully notes the contrast between his own two methods in one of the happiest of his poems for children:

" Chariots of gold," says Timothy,  
" Silvery wings," says Elaine,  
" A bumpety ride in a wagon of hay  
For me," says Jane.

In de la Mare's poems there is, indeed, a very clear statement—of something lost in life but remembered with infinite longing. This, too, is perhaps the secret of the magic and music in his poems for children. It is quite unnecessary to deprecate Stevenson in order to appreciate these other exquisite flowers in the child's garden of Walter de la Mare. Stevenson's poem:

All round the house is the jet black night.  
It stares through the window pane,

has its own magic. Indeed the "breath of the bogey" on the stair is perhaps more nearly what a child feels than the sometimes almost macabre touch of a ghostly hand in some of de la Mare's work, where his imagination is more akin to that of Coleridge in *Christabel* or *Kubla Khan*, or to the weird suggestions in that eerie poem *Dead Maid's Pool*, by that greatly under-valued poet Sydney Dobell:

Ash-tree, ash-tree,  
Bending o'er the water—  
Ash-tree, ash-tree,  
Hadst thou a daughter?

De la Mare's work is indeed not so much that of a man putting himself in the place of a child. It is rather the work of a child's heart surviving in a man beset by all manner of unearthly apprehensions, apprehensions that constantly bring him word of those things in heaven and earth that are undreamed of in our philosophy.

It would be difficult to find any connected scheme of thought or opinion in the work of de la Mare, and in this, perhaps, he is fortunate for, almost alone in this chaotic period, he had no enemies and a multitude of friends. Some of his later poems would appear to take a Hardy-esque view of existence; but, like Hardy at his best, he has always been one of those for whom the heart has reasons of which the reason knows nothing. Perhaps the nearest approach in all his work to the expression of an implied belief (in which again he is beset by an age of agnosticism) is that epitaph of four lines which, for its gentleness and sense of pity, might be placed among the best in a Greek anthology:

Here lies, but seven years old, our little maid,  
Once of the darkness oh, so sore afraid.  
Light of the World, remember that small fear,  
And when nor moon nor stars do shine, draw near.

This was written of an imaginary child, and perhaps for that reason its appeal is all the more universal.

The conservation of values is just as true a principle in the realm of the spirit as the conservation of force in the material world. This is the basic answer to those who think that modern art and modern poetry should express the despair of men without hope, and if it be a true answer Walter de la Mare has not looked his last on all things lovely.

ALFRED NOYES

### THE COMMONWEALTH CONFERENCE

THE recent Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference was the seventh such meeting to take place since the war. The number of states represented at the conferences is likely to increase by two or three in the near future: such an increase cannot fail to emphasize the differences of opinion and divergencies of policy which already exist. These are particularly apparent in the field of defence where the growing popularity of 'neutralism' as a foreign policy has naturally left its mark. To say this is not to deny that a very real co-operation exists at the lower levels, such as exchanges of Staff College students, even between Britain and India, but

there is no doubt that the old system of Imperial defence is becoming increasingly difficult to adapt to new political conditions.

The breakdown of negotiations with the Chief Minister of Singapore and a change of government in Ceylon have dramatised an acute difficulty already painfully illustrated by the situation in Cyprus. No one can doubt any longer the existence of an unfortunate conflict between defence interests and Britain's reputation as a humanitarian colonial power. The principle of self-determination may be morally sound and its adoption inevitable, but its strategic consequences are far-reaching. Unless the world becomes much more obviously peaceful in the near future, this conflict is likely to prove the major obstacle to the final conversion of an old-fashioned and somewhat ill-assorted empire into a modern multi-racial commonwealth.

The British Empire was to a large extent acquired for strategic reasons connected with the commercial advantage of the mother country. Circumstances both at the centre and on the periphery altered the concept on which its government was based, but the old needs remained. Generally, on grounds of expense, defence proved to be the last service which, in the nineteenth century, a progressive colony wished to provide for itself. Only when its independence of action seemed to be in question did it take the final step. The withdrawal of garrisons from the White settled territories of Canada, Australia and New Zealand was as much, if not more, due to British initiative for reasons of economy as to local pride. In addition, there was a marked unwillingness on the part of Britain to commit her forces in defence of policies over the making of which she no longer had any control. This argument was used officially in 1859 when New Zealanders expected help against Maori unrest, while to-day, by way of contrast, the notion of maintaining a British force as a 'fire-brigade' to deal with domestic disorders in an otherwise independent Singapore is accepted as a necessary accompaniment to shouldering the responsibility for the island's external defence.

The international situation today, however, demands of a nascent state, and indeed of a new government, a much earlier and more clear cut decision on its military status. Until the recent general election in Ceylon, the arrangements which existed for the use of the harbour and installations of Trincomalee and the R.A.F. base at Katunayake seemed a model of their kind. The complete and apparently unforeseen change in the political fortunes of Sir John Kotelawala and his party upset the system overnight, just when discussions on the future of Singapore were about to commence. Everything now depends, in such territories once they have achieved self-government, on the local politicians' view of their country's strategic interests. The evacuation of British forces from Ceylon, which was requested by Mr. Bandaranaike, might well in other circumstances have had a parallel during the rise to power of the Nationalists in South Africa. But their overt fear of Communism has resolved what could have been a delicate situation and produced what is at the moment an eminently sensible agreement on the use of Simonstown—undoubtedly the key base in any scheme of Commonwealth defence. Now discussions during the Prime Ministers' meeting have opened the way to what seems likely to be a comparable agreement between Britain and Ceylon.

The unfortunate truth from Britain's point of view is that only a strong

external threat to the peace of a region as a whole is likely to make the retention of bases by an outside power secure. Very few Middle Eastern or South Asian countries fear any enemies more than their immediate neighbours. The visit of the Russian leaders to India and Burma has lulled the worst suspicions and stimulated the tendency to neutralism. Jordan's refusal to join the Baghdad Pact may be seen partly as an unwillingness to be any longer impressed with the Communist 'bogey.' Right or wrong, realistic or naive, this is an attitude which is likely to spread.

The suggestion has frequently been made, without perhaps due regard for the future safety of the Turkish minority, that the colonial problem of Cyprus could be solved by conceding union with Greece so long as bases were leased to British or N.A.T.O. forces. Recently even British owned enclaves have been proposed, but it is not difficult to imagine the problems which could arise in connection with water supplies, communications, the administration of justice and the employment of local labour. By way of justification of the leased base the American experience has been cited. The truth of the counter-argument that the Americans had so far been fortunate in their choice of sites, and that the future of their bases might well prove equally precarious, is just beginning to be seen. A general election in Iceland has put into power an anti-American Progressive party with Communist allies, and self-government for Morocco means renegotiation for bases there, originally granted by France. A movement for self-determination, that is, for return to Japan, by the inhabitants of Okinawa, would be resisted more strongly by the United States than that by the Greek Cypriots has been by Britain, and is, in fact, already an embarrassment in her relations with Japan.

No one doubts the difficulty inherent in using bases surrounded by an inconveniently hostile population. Britain's evacuation of the Canal Zone was the direct result of a situation of this sort. In Cyprus as many troops are employed on internal security duties as it was originally intended to base there for possible police action in the whole Middle East. The basic question is how to convince the population in these bases, from Gibraltar to Hong-kong, that Britain's interests and their interests coincide. In Bermuda, Gibraltar and Malta there is fortunately little sign of disaffection and the same might be said of Hongkong, but of the remainder of the chain even Aden, as a result of Saudi-Arabian and Yemeni activities, now seems precarious. Each base whether it be Cyprus, Trincomalee or Singapore poses a different problem. No standard constitutional device is going to fit all bills: in fact, before the bases can remain at all on any conditions a battle of ideas has to be won—comparatively straightforward in Singapore perhaps, but especially formidable in 'neutralist' Ceylon, where foreign bases could nullify a new foreign policy. It is by no means certain that international organizations like S.E.A.T.O. would have a better chance of remaining established than Britain, who has sometimes seemed to fall over backwards to demonstrate her good intentions—possibly the very reverse; though the fact of her failure successfully to resist Japan in South East Asia in 1941-2 tends to count against her.

Fortunately in some territories there is another side to the picture. British forces have a reputation for providing an excellent source of income for local traders and this fact works in favour of their presence remaining accept-

able. More important still, major naval installations such as at Malta and Singapore provide much necessary employment for the local population. Some time ago a declared Admiralty intention of reducing the scale of dock-yard provision at Valetta caused dismay among the Maltese. British military and naval needs require the employment of one-sixth of the local labour force in the Colony of Singapore, and it is doubtful whether any government there could calmly contemplate the complete closure of the relevant installations and the possible evacuation of British capital which might be associated with it. There may be little enough enthusiasm for SEATO in Singapore, but the new Chief Minister, Mr. Lim Yew Hock, has so far shown no pre-disposition to force the issue. After all, the negotiations with Mr. Marshall broke down not on the existence of the base, but on the right to intervene to maintain domestic order.

There are those to be found who suggest justifiably that most of the old imperial bases would prove unusable in the event of nuclear war. Vice-Admiral Hughes-Hallett, M.P., has said as much to the Navy League, and there is undoubtedly a good case for the establishment of main bases in comparatively remote areas such as East Africa and Western Australia, and the further development of the uniquely situated Simonstown. But such plans, which those Commonwealth Prime Ministers who are interested may well prove to have considered, do not cater completely for the situation now coming to be described as "competitive co-existence," nor, and this is of the utmost importance, do they cater for the needs of the R.A.F. The enormous span of the Indian Ocean makes some centrally placed base essential if only for the purpose of transit, and in this area Australia and New Zealand of the Commonwealth nations are, of course, even more vitally interested than Britain.

Another problem not yet widely discussed is the future of the Colonial forces and their role when the colonies concerned achieve independence. Britain has often relied on, for example, the Royal West African Frontier Force and, more recently, the Malay Regiment for willing support in difficult situations. Presumably there will shortly be in both areas devolution of control over these forces and in West Africa an allocation of the respective regiments to the governments of the Gold Coast and Nigeria. In fact, in all parts of the Commonwealth, Britain will be anxious to see political stability compensate her for the loss of direct control. There will be, for instance, little cause for anxiety in this respect over the Caribbean Federation which will be well within the Anglo-American sphere of influence. Elsewhere, a change in the fortunes of a political party in power may sometimes even be a consequence of sympathy for the strategic interests of the West and bring untold difficulties in its wake.

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### HUMAN RIGHTS IN THE DOLDRUMS

HUMAN RIGHTS are no longer a popular topic. The bright hopes aroused in 1948, on the issue of the Universal Declaration by the General Assembly of the United Nations, have faded away. The proposal to celebrate the 10th anniversary of the Declaration in 1958 in some festive way is likely to have a mixed reception. The resounding statement of civil and political, and economic and social, rights of man has no binding

force on states. It is a standard of perfection to which governments are urged to adjust their legislation and administrative action. The parallel effort to draft a covenant or Convention, defining in legal terms obligations about the different classes of rights, which would be binding on a state that signed and ratified it, has had a checkered history. At first, when Lord Dukeston was the British representative on the Human Rights Commission, it looked as if a first covenant setting out civil and political rights, and providing a form of international supervision and guarantee, with provisions for hearing complaints, would be acceptable. But before the draft covenant was adopted by the Commission, and by the Economic and Social Council to which the Commission submits it, the Cold War between the Eastern and Western blocks of states had begun. And that obscured the prospect of agreement. The Soviet Union insisted that there should be a simultaneous formulation of economic and social rights in binding terms—for other states—and after much wrangling on the issue of one or two covenants, the Human Rights Commission prepared a second covenant that found considerable support. But then came another thrust of the Soviet block and the anti-colonial states, a larger group inspired by it. They insisted on inserting in both Covenants a preliminary article about the right of every people to self-determination, and an obligation of a state which governs any dependent people to work out a form of self-government within a limited time. The colonial Powers resisted the proposal, and objected that it was not relevant to a covenant on individual human rights. But the last Assembly of the United Nations, to which the draft covenants were passed, resolved by a majority that the clause should stand part of the two. The drafts are to be examined article by article by the coming Assembly, and are likely to occupy the attention of one of the six committees of the Assembly for years ahead.

The question was raised two years ago in the Human Rights Commission, what should it do now that it had finished its original function of drafting the instruments. Was it to be dissolved or should it seek "fresh fields and pastures new"? The Government of the United States, having already declared its intention not to adopt any covenant in present circumstances, put forward a new programme for the Commission. The broad aim was to substitute study for action and legislation. The programme was set out in three resolutions. The first recommended the publication by the U.N. of an annual report to which each government would contribute an account of development and achievement in the field of human rights. The second proposed the extension to this field of technical assistance by the United Nations, including the appointment of experts and observers, the grant of scholarships for professional training in foreign countries, and the conduct of seminars. The third resolution called for the initiation of studies of specific aspects of human rights on a world-wide basis. At each session the Commission should select a particular subject, and request the Secretary-General to appoint an expert adviser, "a person of high moral standing and of recognised competence," who should prepare the study in his own name and under his own responsibility.

The Human Rights Commission at its meeting in 1955, decided to proceed with the American proposals: and at their session this spring got down to specific discussion. The Chairman of the Commission, the French jurist M. René Cassin, and the Secretary-General of the United Nations, gave

tempered support for the new direction. The Chairman said that the Commission must take the lead in efforts to discover not only gaps in the law and defective practices, but also the real causes of the obstacles that prevent full respect for this or that right in this or that country, so that those causes can be removed. "The Commission is the natural centre for periodical comparisons of the experience of each State in this field. If it is to serve as such, it must, in its objective and even critical research, shun polemics for which strictly political bodies provide a more appropriate forum, but proceed in a calm and constructive spirit." The Secretary-General stressed the need to give a positive direction in the studies, and to avoid a sterile registration of charges against Member Governments. In other words, the Commission must not become another forum of recrimination between the Western and the Eastern blocs.

The new proposals evoked, however, little enthusiasm and more scepticism among the eighteen members of the Commission. It was emphasised that their first concern was with the draft covenants, and the United States proposals must be regarded as supplementary. It was not clear what useful action would follow from more reporting and more study of specific rights. Already the United Nations published a yearbook about human rights, and the value of more documentation supplied by governments about the application of these rights was obscure. The majority rejected a proposal that non-governmental bodies, possessing consultative status with the Economic and Social Council, should participate in the preparation of the report. Those bodies might have introduced a critical note. They rejected, too, a proposal that the Secretary-General should analyse the reports received, lest he might criticise the action of governments; and his functions are to be limited to making a summary. The Commission itself, if it makes any comment or recommendation, must see that it is of a general and objective character. The insistence of the majority that the reports must deal with the right of peoples to self-determination led the United Kingdom and Australia, France and Turkey, to vote against the resolution for reports; and Norway abstained. The resolution that will go forward to the Economic and Social Council has little authority and little positive content. Even its American sponsors cannot have any conviction that it will advance the cause of human rights.

The discussion on the study of specific rights was not more fruitful. The right chosen for study is the freedom from arbitrary arrest; and it was significant that the Soviet Union and their two satellites, Poland and the Ukraine, represented on the Commission, were emphatic in opposition, on the ground that these were matters of domestic jurisdiction. The United Kingdom and Australia and India, also, were sceptical of the value of research. The majority adopted a resolution for the experiment. The study, however, is not to be made by a single independent outside expert, but by a committee composed of members of four countries, Norway, Chile, the Philippines and Pakistan. By a self-denying ordinance it has been decided that experts in this field shall not be paid; and no outside expert was likely to volunteer his service. It was felt too that a balanced committee would produce a more objective report.

The recommendation for extending advisory services was less controversial, and a resolution was passed requesting the Secretary-General to

explore during this year, in consultation with the governments and the specialised agencies of the United Nations, the desirability of holding seminars in this field. The subjects chosen are freedom of information, and the prevention of discrimination and the protection of minorities. "Seminar" has become a blessed word, and may be a blessed instrument of inaction. Study and investigation are the order of the day, and they may serve the purpose of marking time till the climate for international action on Human Rights is more propitious. The Commission considered its activities for the next year in case they are not called upon to do more with the draft covenants. They added to their present programme two topics for examination: the International Declaration of the Rights of the Child, and the so-called Right of Asylum of the Individual. It was the Soviet Union which sponsored the proposal about the Declaration, adopted by the Social Commission of the United Nations in 1950. The Right of Asylum has been a standing subject on the agenda since 1947, and the Universal Declaration of Human Rights contains a reference to the right to seek and enjoy asylum. It is a long way from that to a legal right to receive asylum in a foreign country; and examination of the question may be useful.

The Commission had on its agenda this session, as it has had every year, the question of "communications," that is, the petitions and complaints about denial of Human Rights, which come in some thousands yearly to the Secretariat of the United Nations. They did not find a way of examining it seriously; and the position remains a betrayal—or at least a frustration—of the hopes that the United Nations would do something to protect the individual from a denial of Human Rights. They receive from the Secretariat a list of complaints, with a brief indication of the contents, and take note. But they have held that they are not competent to take any action; and it is left to the Assembly to bring before world opinion questions of the rights of individuals when there is some grievous complaint, as, for example, on behalf of the Africans in the Union of South Africa.

One glimmer of light about the international protection of Human Rights is afforded by the Council of Europe which, in 1950, adopted the Rome Convention that does define civil and political rights in a legal form, and provides for petitions from a person or a non-governmental organisation as well as complaints by Governments. At present the petition can be examined only if a state-member of the Council adopts it, and submits it to the Commission prescribed by the Convention. Last year one hundred petitions were received: and one is under investigation. That is a precious swallow which may be the harbinger of spring. Five members of the Council, indeed,—but not Great Britain—have adopted an optional clause which would allow the Commission to examine the petition of an individual in any of those States without the intervention of another State. That clause will become effective only when eight members endorse it; and hitherto Her Majesty's Government has been unwilling to take that step because, presumably, they regard the British subject as having adequate protection in the Courts of this country. The European Commission, in its present session, is to examine a petition of the Greek Government charging the British Government with a denial of Human Rights to the people of Cyprus. That may be a most important test case of the international action concerning Human Rights, and mark the beginning of a new chapter.

NORMAN BENTWICH

## EUROPE AND "EUROPEANS"

SINCE 1948, the year of the Congress of would-be Europeans at the Hague, no single word has been bandied about so much in political discussion on the Continent as "Europe." Overtones of Europe have dominated this post-war decade much as undertones of war presided over the first decade after the war of 1914-1918, and for much the same reason. And, just as the yearnings and self-evident interest of the common man inspired the Governments then to establish the League of Nations and to discourse on peace and disarmament, so, in our time, when the gilt of the United Nations became so quickly tarnished, the leaders of Western Europe, prodded by the United States, on the one hand, by the "Europeans" on the other, have set up some half-dozen organisations directed specifically to "the making of Europe."<sup>\*\*</sup> Yet still today—today more than ever indeed—there is a confusion of counsel or else a tendency to assume that the *mystique* of "European union" is the last, nay, the only word, of wisdom on the subject.

The need to clear a path through the thicket was borne in upon me forcibly the other day when an intelligent acquaintance with some experience of the post-war developments in this field remarked to me in all sincerity that the several European organisations that have sprung up during the past seven or eight years were bombinating in a vacuum, inasmuch as, since the collapse of the federal union structure that was being reared, all efforts to "make Europe" were simply duplicating the work of the United Nations and its Specialised Agencies.

To the crusading spirit, to the tidy-minded, the gropings and fumblings of the present period may appear *jejune*—and, since we are only at the stage of *co-ordination* at the European level, progress is indeed excruciatingly slow. But the point is that "*L'Europe qu'on construit à Strasbourg n'est pas l'Europe simpliste des théoriciens; c'est l'Europe complexe de la réalité.*"<sup>†</sup> And this is something that wants saying. To attain a proper perspective in this matter requires, in any case, a re-examination of the nature and purpose of the existing agencies of European co-operation—and, even before that, a critique of the federal concept which is the essence of the European *mystique*.

In England, whether one is a federalist or not in regard to the making of Europe, we know what a federal polity is and what it is not; the exemplars in the Commonwealth which is our creation bear witness. But in France, for example, and among those imbued with French culture, the term is used in the vaguest and most haphazard way to signify any political structure at variance with the nation-State as established and hallowed by French tradition since the Revolution. (A common mistake to be found in French text-books of political science is the citing of the British Commonwealth as an illustration of federalism). To-day in France it is the blessed word, the panacea for a solution of French North African problems. There is, in fact, nothing federal about France's overseas empire, nor will there be in the new pattern of independence *cum* inter-dependence that is being worked out for Tunisia and Morocco. And, as regards European integration, it has to be said that in the disputation of the first years of the Strasbourg Assembly a great deal of misunderstanding arose from, and a great deal of unnecessary heat was

\* e.g. O.E.E.C., the Council of Europe, E.C.S.C., W.E.U., the European Conference of Ministers of Transport, the European Conference of Ministers of Agriculture.

† Quoted from an article which appeared in a Belgian review in August, 1954.

engendered by, the slap-happy habit of Frenchmen from M. Herriot downwards (and other Continentals) using the term "federal" for the plans of closer unity among European nations as loosely as did M. Briand in his original proposal at the League of Nations Assembly in 1929. The Coal and Steel Community at Luxembourg represents, it is true, an important innovation by virtue of its supranational features but, aside from its technical limitations, there is little or nothing actually federal about it. By contrast the design for a European Political Community exhibited a number of federal characteristics—but the plan never left the drawing-board.

Federalism is one thing, decentralisation, largely autonomous local administration, is another. Since the late 'thirties—one recalls particularly Clarence Streit's "*Union Now*"—federalism, federal union, has been the chief refuge of the idealists. Because it strikes at the root of national sovereignty it has been hailed as the one indispensable remedy for the "international anarchy" and the war between almighty States that has been our historical experience. On the plane of theory the designers of the anatomy of peace (*cf.* the popular treatise under that title by Emery Reves) are right enough; only the body politic that requires to be organised on the federal principle cannot be less than the world itself. And that is indeed a distant goal. A federal union, Professor Wheare tells us in his classic work on the subject,‡ is a polity in which powers are divided between a general Government which in certain matters is independent of the Governments of the associated States and State Governments which in certain matters are in their turn independent of the general Government. Both the general and regional governments operate directly upon the people, so that every citizen is subject to two Governments. The minimum sphere of federal authority comprises foreign affairs, defence and finance. . . . On this showing the only authentic examples of federalism in the world, Professor Wheare demonstrates, are the United States Switzerland, Australia and Canada (to which may be added now Western Germany and the Caribbean and Central African experiments).

It is perhaps in the economic sphere, particularly, that the irrelevance of European federal union to our twentieth-century problems is most evident. When, in response to General Marshall's proposals, the leaders of Western Europe established the Organization for European Economic Co-operation, there was no question of superseding political (still less financial) sovereignty. Yet no one can deny that thanks to O.E.E.C. the European economy has registered substantial progress over the past seven years, that through bodies such as the European Payments Union there has developed a rudimentary integration such as could never have made headway through a United Nations agency. In the military sphere the same can be said to some extent of N.A.T.O. As a matter of practical politics there is a previous question. A salient characteristic of any federation is some kind of defence unity. Europe alone—Europe including Britain—we know, cannot sustain the challenge from Soviet Communism; her survival demands the fullest possible economic and military engagement of America in Europe. In other words, the coefficients of power in this mid-twentieth century—and power, whether we like it or not, is still the fulcrum of international relations—demand an oceanic strategy. Hence the North Atlantic Treaty and the continuing aspirations towards an Atlantic Community, of which, albeit, Europe is an

‡ *Federal Government* by K. C. Wheare (O.U.P. 1946).

essential part—witness the Declaration of the Foreign Ministers of the United States, Great Britain and France of 14th September, 1951, in Washington.

The association of the making and integration of Europe with the premises of federalism, I suggest then, has led people's minds astray. Before there can be European institutions of an organic type the European society will need to be far more closely integrated than it is today: the hooks to bind Leviathan must be more subtle, almost invisible and certainly mainly functional. True, the outcome of the battles of federalists and functionalists at Strasbourg has been the establishment of "Specialised Authorities," the device of the Community for this or that particular sector, to be regarded, if you like, as a half-way house: and the "Eden Plan" put forward in 1952 was designed to ensure effective liaison between them and organic links with the Council of Europe. Things have not worked out quite like this. But what is important is that the Governments, having set their hands to the plough, cannot now let go, and the Consultative Assembly at Strasbourg has become, in the words of M. Guy Mollet when resigning the presidency, "an irreplaceable institution." In point of fact, whether we like it or not, the existing agencies and embodiments of "Western Union" are one and all squarely based on the political unit of the sovereign independent State: just like the United Nations and its Specialised Agencies. Contemporary forms of association of States, that is to say, leave responsibility where, at the present stage of social development, it belongs—with the Governments of the individual States answerable through Parliament to their respective peoples. Major decisions, that is to say, are only arrived at by common consent—though this rule of unanimity is mitigated by explicit provisions for States "contracting out" (in the case of O.E.E.C.), for "partial agreements," etc.

There is certainly nothing here of the "political authority with limited functions but real powers" which is evoked from time to time in the debates of the Strasbourg Assembly. And it could not be otherwise, so long as democracy, the expressed will of the people, to which the nations of the West are committed, remains for them the guiding rule. As Mr. Herbert Morrison remarked bluntly in his first speech in the Consultative Assembly (1950), the procedure of horizontal co-operation, of voluntary partnership in common tasks, has been up to now the only course open, the only one for which any Government has a mandate from the electorate. So many professional "Europeans," indeed, in their zeal for federalism, appear to overlook the actual mode of operation of international intercourse, namely the treaty or convention agreed by Governments and ratified by Parliaments. They ignore, that is to say, the traditional and established rule of all inter-State dealings that binding decisions can be taken only by common consent (*pacta sunt servanda*). This "conference method" is manifestly open to the criticism that the pace of the convoy is too often regulated by the slowest or most refractory member. It also places a premium on the *vis inertiae* of routine-riden, conservative-minded national officials who, in fact, are required to deputize for the overworked Foreign Ministers: those whom the late Mr. Lionel Curtis once described as "the garrison of permanent officials inside the walls of the fortress of sovereignty." Hence the dissatisfaction continually being voiced in the Consultative Assembly, i.e. by the parliamentarians. But the very existence of this Assembly, as a British Foreign Secretary has

said, § supplies a continual counter-pressure. And the inter-governmental technique works well enough so long as the members of a given international committee or council seek so to comport themselves that it acquires a corporate spirit. Everything depends on the "will to co-operate," as, indeed, we know well from our Commonwealth gatherings.

Of course there have been disappointments, such as the breakdown of the "European" solution for the Saar problems. There are still elements of political friction between Greece and Britain and between Turks and Greeks over the Cyprus question; between France and the Federal Republic of Germany over the canalisation of the Moselle (which has threatened to split the High Authority of the E.C.S.C.). Nevertheless, generally speaking, the spirit of co-operation among the European States (15 of them now, with Austria in the Council of Europe) is a new and remarkable feature of our times—and it is sustained and consolidated by the regular and continuous contacts for which these inter-Governmental European organisations provide the opportunity. O.E.E.C. and W.E.U. supply the needs of economics and defence; the Council of Europe constitutes "the general framework of European policy." And Strasbourg, for example, bears the credit for the re-entry of Germany into the European comity. The fruits of this humdrum European co-operation are harvested mainly in technical spheres of which the "man in the street" knows little and cares less. All the time there is steady spadework being done in the economic, social, cultural and legal fields (e.g. the nine European Conventions signed in the past 2½ years, the project of a European Social Charter) knowledge of which scarcely penetrates to the general public, in spite of the public debates in the Consultative Assembly twice a year. There is, too, the substantial innovation of the European Convention for the Protection of Human Rights and Fundamental Freedoms, with its European Commission of Human Rights now functioning and possessing quasi-supranational jurisdiction.

I shall say nothing here of the value and utility of the Consultative Assembly itself. Mr. Macmillan's speech there on July 6th, 1955, constituted a unique and sufficient testimonial. The object of this particular creation, indeed, is that the nations of Europe—including us islanders—shall learn, in M. Briand's phrase, to "speak European." Now the only way to learn a language properly, as we know, is to combine with the hard grind of grammar and syntax as much practice as possible—and not to be afraid of making mistakes in the process of learning it. The Governments through what I have called humdrum co-operation on the official plane are seeing to it that "we, the peoples of Europe" learn the grammar and the syntax—which takes a long time. There remains the need for constant practice—and that is precisely the opportunity supplied by the Strasbourg Assembly, a "talking-shop"—but so is, from one point of view, any Parliament. It must be accepted that, in the matter of defence and in the economic sphere, Europe is not a self-sufficient entity but only part of a much bigger concept that we call the West. Here I feel I must quote the Cassandra-like utterance of a certain transatlantic professor of political science: ¶

"Among things quite impossible are . . . any effective reconstitution of Europe as an independent Power or group of independent Powers. . . .

§ Speech in the Consultative Assembly at Strasbourg, July 6th, 1955.

¶ Frederick L. Schuman in *The Commonwealth of Man*, New York, 1952.

Rehabilitation and rearmament of the sundered segments have now become non-European projects pursued for non-European purposes by non-European Powers interested in Europe only as the Rome of old was interested in auxiliaries and mercenaries to uphold the frontiers. . . ."

Over against this vaticination it is only necessary to say that power is not the be-all and end-all of human existence; that in terms of the human spirit, and as the embodiment of unity in diversity, Europe is very much alive; that as (I think we may say) the leader in the march of civilisation, by the side of the two colossi, the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., "there'll always be a Europe"; and that we in our time are privileged to be conscious of it as at no time in history since the Middle Ages. By all means let us face up to the harsh political realities which obstruct or slow down the process of achieving European unity; the big question-mark over the future Germany, the fears of France that a strong European economic *bloc* must mean the ascendancy of Germany, the reconstitution, maybe, on a European scale of the Reich which the war was, in part, fought to prevent, the chronic instability of French politics, in general, last, but by no means least, the British differential, the channel gap. The facts are there, nevertheless, to show that Europe *is* in the making, only that it be saved from its friends.

Strasbourg.

W. HORSFALL CARTER

### RECOLLECTIONS OF A GERMAN UNIVERSITY

IN 1907 I was very fortunate in obtaining leave of absence from the University of London, where I was at that time French Lecturer, to accept a post as *Lektor* on the English Language and Literature in the University of Marburg. The Professor in charge of the English Department was Dr. Viëtor and he could not have treated me more kindly had I been his own son. I felt it a great privilege to receive an appointment, though only a temporary one, at this historic University. It had been founded in 1527 by Philip the Magnanimous, Landgrave of Hesse, and was the first Protestant University in Germany. The Landgrave had formed the famous Smalkaldic League in 1530 for the protection of the Protestant Princes and Free Cities of Germany against the tyranny of the Emperor, Charles V. The League, however, had been disastrously defeated at the Battle of Mühlberg in 1547 and the Landgrave had been imprisoned by the Emperor. He was not released till 1552, when by the Treaty of Passau a *Modus Vivendi* had been agreed to between the Emperor and the Protestant leaders. Consequently the Landgrave was allowed to return to Marburg where he was welcomed with extraordinary enthusiasm and where he reigned till his death in 1567. He had been much distressed by the split between the Lutheran Protestants and those of the Reformed Churches, and in order, if possible, to bring about an agreement he had summoned a conference which was held in the Castle of Marburg between Luther and the great Swiss Reformer Zwingli. Fourteen Articles were drawn up, thirteen of which showed complete agreement, but the fourteenth, which concerned the doctrine of the Holy Communion, provoked a serious divergence of opinion. Luther kept repeating the words of the Vulgate—" *Hoc est meum Corpus*," as he insisted on the corporeal presence of Christ's body and blood in the Holy Communion. Zwingli, on the other hand, emphatically denied any localised presence of Christ in the bread and wine,

and taught that the Sacramental efficacy consisted in spiritual faith. Zwingli was so much affected by Luther's refusal to recognise the Swiss Reformers as brethren, because of their doctrine of the Holy Communion, that he burst into tears. This led to a better understanding, and it was resolved that thenceforth no angry or bitter controversy should be pursued. So far as Hesse was concerned it was not till 1823 that a union of the Lutheran and Reformed Churches was carried through.

When I arrived the Protestant Faculty of Theology was in a flourishing state, but there was a good deal of difference of opinion between the orthodox Professors and those who adopted what was called a "liberal" theology, which we should be more inclined to describe as "Broad Church." I presume that there was no town in Germany so engrossed in history as Marburg. Like the Irish, they seemed to have forgotten nothing, and I heard over and over again the story of how the invading French in 1806 had sacked the beautiful church of St. Elizabeth and carried off all the jewels and precious stones from her shrine. The people were so deeply religious that this was the principal cause of the revolt of the Hessian peasants against the tyranny of Napoleon, and Marburg had been the centre of this outbreak. To come down to more recent times, when talking to some of the members of the oldest families, they said, "of course my son will not do his military service here in Marburg. I shall have to send him to Giessen." In astonishment I asked the reason why, and they replied, "If he were to stay here he would have to take the oath to the Kaiser as King of Prussia," whereas in Giessen, only about an hour distant in the train, he would swear allegiance to the Grand Duke of Hesse. The fact that the Electorate of Hesse-Cassel had been annexed by Prussia in 1866 was never forgotten. The Elector, unfortunately, had, as Lord Salisbury would have said, "put his money on the wrong horse," and taken sides with Austria against Prussia. The Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt had taken the same side, but thanks to the intervention of Queen Victoria and the Czar of Russia, he had only been compelled to cede a portion of his territory, and still remained sovereign of the greater part; whereas the whole Electorate of Hesse-Cassel had been absorbed by Prussia. The consequence was that at the time of which I am speaking the hatred of Prussia in Marburg was intense.

I became the paying guest of the *Rektor* of the principal school, a Hanoverian. His father had been one of the principal officials of the Duke of Cumberland, the son of George V, the last King of Hanover. He, like the people of Marburg, bitterly resented the annexation of the whole of the Kingdom of Hanover by Prussia in 1866. In secret I always drank with him, after dinner on Sundays, the toast of the King of Hanover, by whom of course was meant the then Duke of Cumberland who was living in exile in Austria. I was delighted to have been accepted as a boarder by this gentleman, because my father had always insisted that our German governesses should come from Hanover where he had been told that the best German was spoken. As the wife of the *Rektor* was also a Hanoverian I was delighted to hear her pronunciation with which, as a child, I had always been familiar. It was extraordinarily different from the so-called Middle German spoken in Marburg, which I had at first great difficulty in understanding. On arrival there I anxiously awaited the summons to appear before His Magnificence, the *Rektor* of the University. I had to present myself at 11 o'clock in the

morning, in full evening dress with swallow tails, white tie and top hat, and on kneeling before him I was solemnly inducted as *Lector* in the University of Marburg. I have the most pleasant recollections of the extraordinary kindness with which I was received by both Professors and students. In accordance with German custom, on going into the Common Room I had to introduce myself to all the Professors present. This I did by making a profound bow to each, and saying "Savory," on which the gentleman whom I addressed stood up very politely, made an equally profound bow, and pronounced the word "Schmidt" or whatever his name happened to be, but this did not end the formalities required. I had to pay a visit to every member of the Philosophical Faculty, which seemed to embrace almost every member of the staff except the Professors of Medicine and Theology. My call was always scrupulously returned, and a few days later I invariably received an invitation to what was called a simple supper. As a matter of fact the meal was by no means simple but really quite elaborate, and I had the opportunity of meeting some most interesting colleagues whose conversation was often highly intellectual. After the supper, I had most rigorously to observe the duty of paying, within eight days, a call on my gracious hostess to express my thanks for her generous hospitality.

With regard to lectures, I only had to give six in the week and for these I was paid a salary at the rate of 1,500 marks, that is £75 a year. The University *Pedell* brought me to my rooms the first month's salary. I counted it carefully, and at last with great fear and trembling I mustered sufficient courage to say that I thought a few marks were missing. The *Pedell* stood up to attention, clicked his heels together, and said very pompously, "Sir, the Royal Treasurer of the Royal University of Marburg-an-der-Lahn, in the Prussian Province of Hessen-Nassau, never makes a mistake in his calculations. Sir, you have forgotten the deduction of income tax." I apologised most humbly, and said that I had never dreamt that income tax would be deducted from such a small salary as that of £75. As a matter of fact, anyone with an income of £50 a year or over had to pay the tax. It was interesting to find that our modern system of pay-as-you-earn already existed in Prussia nearly fifty years ago. I had the right of attending the lectures of all the Professors, but I was strongly advised by my very wise chief, Professor Viëtor, that the proper thing to do would be to call beforehand on each Professor and ask his permission. This was invariably granted in the kindest possible way, but the result was on two or three occasions rather surprising. The Professor of History had thought fit to make the most vigorous attack on the foreign policy of Great Britain. Although I knew that what he said was absurdly unjust I took very good care to show by my face no expression of disapproval. At the close of the lecture, however, the learned Professor had noted my presence and asked me to remain behind. I accompanied him into his private room, and he expressed his regret for the hard things which he had had to say about my country, but he added very significantly, "Historical truth demanded it." I thanked him very heartily for his wonderful courtesy, and told him I was the very last person to take offence, because one of my reasons for coming to Germany was to learn what the Germans thought about us.

I determined to make the very best use of my time at Marburg, and formed a rule never to attend less than six lectures a day beginning at 8 o'clock

in the morning in winter, and 7 o'clock in summer. In this way I attended every imaginable kind of lecture, from the life of Martin Luther down to anatomy, and acquired an extensive vocabulary. I was exceedingly glad that I had done this, because when war broke out I was given a Commission in the Navy, placed under Admiral Sir Reginald Hall in the Naval Intelligence Department, and locked up every day in the famous Room 40.

With regard to my own six lectures, I found the students extremely polite and always most attentive. I was glad that I had chosen to give a Public Lecture on English Public Schools and Universities. This became very popular, and the number of students wanting to attend was so great that we had to move constantly from smaller lecture rooms to larger ones, and finally ended up with the *auditorium maximum*. The students had one great privilege, and that was to *scharren*, that meant "scrape their feet on the ground" if they disagreed with anything the Lecturer said. This privilege was very sparingly used, and practically only when the Lecturer made a statement which was inaccurate. He then politely thanked the students for calling his attention to his mistake. There was one custom in Marburg which I greatly admired, and that was the giving of scholarships to Germans living in outlying districts of Europe. There was an ancient German colony in Hungary called the "Sieben Bürgen" or the "Seven Cities." There was no German University which they could attend in Hungary and consequently they were invited to Marburg. As their scholarships were very small they found it difficult to live. The wealthier families of Marburg consequently invited them to lunch or to dinner on certain days which they arranged among themselves, with the result that they were invited to every principal meal during the whole week. By this means German culture was still preserved in that part of Hungary. Most of the students belonged to different Clubs, and they invariably invited me to attend their "*kneipen*" or festivals. These consisted in singing songs and drinking beer. They were, however, always ready to provide for me a mineral water, and nothing could have been more delicious than the Royal *Fachinger* which was one of the most beautiful mineral waters that I have ever tasted. The next thing was to invite me to their duels which I for a very long time refused to attend. However, they were very persistent, and they said, "How could I possibly judge their duels if I had never seen them?" They repeated over and over again that they were *eine gute Erziehung*, by which they meant a good training or good upbringing. These performances lasted the whole morning, and the students of a certain Club were pitted against those of another just like a football match. I am bound to say, however, that I thought these *Schläge-mensuren* or fencing matches were really very brutal, and I was always glad when the doctor intervened to prevent further bloodshed. In fact, I was surprised that these bouts were winked at by the authorities.

I was extremely sorry when my time at Marburg came to an end, and I was very pleased when the Philosophical Faculty, by a unanimous resolution, invited the Senate of the University of London to prolong my leave of absence for another year. This, however, was found to be impossible, and I returned to London with no feeling of regret at having spent a year at a German University. In fact, almost every summer I returned to Marburg to lecture at the Holiday Course, and in 1914 was there, when, fortunately, my brother sent me a telegram telling me to return to England. I found it impossible to

go back direct, and escaped just in time to Switzerland, where I had to remain till the French mobilisation was over and the British Government was able to arrange for a special train from Berne to Boulogne to bring the English refugees back to their native land.

DOUGLAS L. SAVORY

## VICTORIAN MEMORIES

### XI. THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR

THE closing years of the Victorian era found England in a buoyant mood such as she had scarcely known since the reign of Elizabeth. The Home Rule split in the Liberal party in 1886 installed the Unionists in power for twenty years. The Jubilees of 1887 and 1897 focused the eyes of the world on a vast, prosperous and powerful realm. A spirit of almost intoxicating self-confidence prevailed. In the words of Alfred Spender, Chamberlain was the conductor of the big brass band playing the new imperial tunes, in which Kipling supplied incomparable solos. Rhodes and Kitchener were the heroes of the hour. The high watermark of national complacency was reached in 1898, when the Sudan was conquered and the French flag hauled down at Fashoda. "Take up the white man's burden." There was a widespread conviction that no task was beyond our power; that our share of the earth's surface could never be too large; that there was something almost impious in resistance to our aims and arms. Never had John Bull felt so sure of himself. In his penetrating study *Victorian England* G. M. Young testifies that the British public had grown more excitable and more easily satisfied with material values at the close of the reign.

It was a difficult time for Liberals. The majority had no use for our wares, and the party was discredited by the quarrels of its chiefs. Rosebery resigned the leadership in 1896 on the ground of contested authority, and two years later Harcourt and Morley, his chief Gladstonian rivals, followed suit. Campbell-Bannerman, who shouldered the thankless burden, was no match in debate for Balfour. The prospects of Home Rule, which had not been very cheerful since the collapse of Parnell, were further injured by the squalid feud of Parnellites and anti-Parnellites, and weak-kneed Liberals of the Rosebery type lost faith in the principle of Irish self-government. Welsh Disestablishment and Local Option, the other main planks in "the Newcastle Programme," were regarded by the mass of the nation with hostility or indifference. In the field of social reform the party had as little to offer to the common man as the Conservatives, for its creed remained predominantly political and economic democracy was still far away.

After Omdurman and Fashoda the British Government turned its attention to South Africa. What Lord Selborne, Under Secretary for the Colonies, called "that accursed Raid," the mysterious failure of the Parliamentary Committee to probe the conspiracy to the bottom, the white-washing of Rhodes in Parliament by Chamberlain, and what Lecky, an ardent Unionist, described as the trial of finance, diminished our moral standing in the world and stiffened the backs of the Boers, sturdy and stubborn as their ancestors who had challenged the might of Philip II. The ten years of Unionist supremacy between 1895 and 1905 witnessed some valuable achievements at home and abroad, but in the eyes of most Liberals—and not a few Conservatives as well—their South African record was deplorable from beginning

to end. The appointment of Milner, who had done so well in Egypt under the eye of Cromer and as Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, was a major error, for he seemed to the Dutch to embody the arrogance of a conquering race. Though the Boer farmers, with their fundamentalist theology and their contempt for the native, were not of the type to appeal to English Liberals, we inherited from Gladstone a belief in the right of little nations to live their own lives.

I had been distressed by the Armenian massacres, the Cretan revolt of 1896, and the Greco-Turkish war to which it led, but I was far more deeply stirred in the spring and summer of 1899 when England was no longer a mere spectator. It is much easier to judge the South African struggle with calmness of spirit after more than half a century, for the sterling qualities of the Boers have long been recognised and the superiority complex from which we suffered in the closing phase of the Victorian era has happily disappeared. With Milner and Kruger in the ring it would have been almost a miracle if the problem of the Uitlanders had been settled by peaceful means. Though neither of them wanted a war, both were resolved to fight for their principles in case of need—Kruger for the preservation of his untrammelled independence, Milner for the maintenance of British paramountcy in South Africa. “Two wholly antagonistic systems—a medieval race oligarchy and a modern industrial state recognising no difference of status between various white races—cannot permanently live side by side in what is one country. Race oligarchy has got to go and I see no sign of it removing itself.”

To the High Commissioner the British Empire was a religion, and the old President was as obstinate as a mule. Judged by our European standards the Transvaal regime was an anachronism, but since the Raid Kruger had become the symbol of national survival. He remembered the Great Trek when the Boers had marched away from British rule into the uncharted interior from Cape Colony in order to live their own life, and it was natural that he should yield as little as he could to the cosmopolitan throng which swarmed into his country in search of gold. “If I put the Englishman on the box,” he observed in his homely phraseology, “he will drive my carriage into Queen Victoria’s stables.” “It is our country you want,” he exclaimed when he and Milner met at the decisive Bloemfontein Conference; “I am not ready to hand over my country to strangers.” Whether a tolerable compromise on the franchise could have been secured by more skilful negotiations at an earlier stage we cannot be sure, but by 1899 the atmosphere was poisoned by the shrill complaints of the Outlanders and the deepening suspicions of the Boers. The Transvaal had begun to arm on a considerable scale after the ominous warning of the Raid, the Orange Free State—though it had no Uitlander problem—was resolved to share its fortunes, and the British Empire was never in a less yielding mood.

After taking time to look round and after the re-election of Kruger as President of the Transvaal with an increased majority in February, 1898, Milner reported that there was no way out of the political troubles of South Africa except reform in the Transvaal or war, though he did not expect the final smash for several years. His correspondence with the British Government during the two and a half years of crisis fills the first massive volume of *The Milner Papers* published in 1931. Here we may read his shrill denunciations of “the dishonest despotism in Pretoria,” “the despotic oligarchy armed to the

teeth"; and here we find reiterated warnings from Chamberlain that with trouble in the Nile valley and in the Far East it was essential to go slow in South Africa. "The Raid has placed this country in a false position, so let the irritation pass away before we resume pressure on the Transvaal." And perhaps the old President might die. Yet when Sir William Butler, Commander of our small forces in South Africa, declared that the country needed rest, not a surgical operation, there was a shout of anger. The General, complained Milner, was a violent Krugerite; "he or I will have to go." So Butler was recalled.

The summer of 1899 is one of the most distressful memories of my life. After the desperate struggles of 1914 and 1939 the South African war may look like a storm in a tea-cup, but it was our first major conflict since the Crimea. When Chamberlain declared that the sands were running out one could almost hear the roar of the avalanche. Were the disabilities of the Outlanders, who had gone to the Rand for their own purposes and made large fortunes, worth a war—not one of the minor colonial expeditions against "lesser breeds without the law," as Kipling called our various foes, but a stern struggle against white Christians as civilised as ourselves? The notion that the Boers had been stealthily plotting for many years to drive us out of South Africa was one of the slogans belligerents invent to justify an appeal to arms: all they had wanted was to be left alone. When the guns went off the question of supremacy was inevitably raised, but during the negotiations which preceded the catastrophe the concrete issue was the political claims of the immigrants whose status was compared by the High Commissioner to that of helots. In his *Transvaal from Within*, which we all read in the autumn of 1899, Sir Percy Fitzpatrick painted a lurid picture of the corruption, inefficiency and deliberate hostility of what Milner described as the Pretoria gang. Yet the moral problem remained. Even assuming that indictment by one of the most respected of the Uitlanders to be approximately correct, had we a legal and moral right to coerce a state which in domestic affairs possessed the same unfettered sovereignty as England or France at the point of the bayonet? That was the question every citizen had to decide for himself.

When a quarrel is mounting towards a crisis critics are informed that they must hold their tongues lest a hint of national disunion should stiffen the potential enemy. On the other hand, unless the warning voice is raised in good time there is no possibility of altering the course of the ship. To look on in silence when momentous issues are at stake is the negation of "government by discussion" which is the essence of democracy, and I rejoiced when two powerful voices rang out from Manchester on September 15th. "You may carry fire and sword into the midst of peace and industry: it will be wrong. A war of the strongest government in the world with untold wealth and inexhaustible reserves against this little republic will bring you no glory: it will be wrong. It may add a new province to your empire: it will still be wrong." Such was the stirring message of John Morley and of Leonard Courtney, the most independent of Liberal Unionists. Never had I read two public speeches with more heartfelt gratitude. "I envy you the honour of having led the Liberal host into action," wrote Harcourt to Morley, "and rejoice that I am now able to bring up the reserves in your support." Unfortunately the quarrel had gone too far for speeches to count. An Army

Corps was on its way to the Cape, and on October 9 the Transvaal Government, as expected, anticipated its arrival by an ultimatum. Salisbury spoke of it as "Joe's War." It would be more correct to speak of Milner's War and Kruger's War, though the ultimate cause was the discovery of gold on the Rand.

No problem in the ethics of citizenship is more difficult than the duty of men and women who disapprove a conflict in which their country becomes engaged. Shall they content themselves with registering a protest and then stand aside till the storm is over, or shall they strive to combat the agencies and ideologies which in their opinion helped to produce the catastrophe? If the latter course be adopted, it is mainly with the desire to prepare the way for the settlement that lies ahead. It was clear that there could only be one end to the duel between the giant and the dwarf. Stead's *Stop the War* campaign was worse than useless, and had I been in Parliament I should not have joined the six intransigents who opposed the estimates, for our men at the front could not be let down. On the other hand I thought it worth attempting to keep the thermometer below boiling-point. The man in the street knew little of the past and present of South Africa, and he greedily swallowed the noxious beverage poured down his throat by the *Daily Mail*, then in the first flush of its career. In a brochure on the war and its causes, published a few weeks after the outbreak of hostilities, I outlined the story of the Dutch in South Africa and endeavoured to explain why they acted as they did. I no longer possess a copy, and I should doubtless find it crude and one-sided, but I do not regret that my political début was an essay in comprehension. Today British Imperialism is as dead as Queen Anne. What little was left of it after the Second World War disappeared when our rule in India ended in 1947. The British Empire has given place to the British Commonwealth.

Most of the Liberal leaders were opposed to the war, and even the minority condemned Chamberlain's technique. Within a month of the outbreak the South Africa Conciliation Committee was established under the auspices of Selous, the big game hunter who knew the Boer farmer better than any other Englishman and had marched north with Rhodes to found Rhodesia in 1890. Leonard Courtney was elected President and Frederick Mackarness, a lawyer with intimate knowledge of South Africa, Chairman of the Executive Committee. Its object was to supply accurate information wherever obtainable and to look beyond the passions of the moment to the means by which our foes might ultimately be reconciled. The Committee was a rallying point for politicians, journalists, publicists, preachers and pacifists who were labelled Little Englanders and "friends of every country but their own." Some who sympathised with its objects held aloof on the ground that efforts at conciliation in time of war are wasted. Had not Cobden exclaimed after his experiences in the Crimean war that he would never again attempt to separate two mad dogs? Here was a first-class political issue of the dimensions of Protection and Home Rule, an issue grave enough to sever old friendships and party ties. The two leading spirits of our Committee already mentioned were Liberal Unionists, who had left their old friends in the 'eighties on the Irish question and were before long to return; for Home Rule seemed a long way off, and the immediate peril, as they read the situation, was Imperialism. Twenty years later I was destined to write their lives. Nothing draws men more closely together than co-operation in an unpopular cause, and the

"Pro-Boers" were linked by a freemasonry which lasted up to the First World War and in some cases beyond it.

Courtney had specialised in South African questions for many years, and no Member of Parliament had more resolutely denounced the Jameson Raid. When the Report of the Parliamentary Committee was debated, and Chamberlain declared that Rhodes had done nothing inconsistent with his personal honour, he replied that Rhodes was steeped in deceit. "It is necessary that we should clear ourselves absolutely of the past. If you wish to establish the reputation of this country, if you wish to make unsullied the honour of our statesmen, you ought to show that in the judgment of this House and of this nation it is not to be tolerated that his name should remain on the Privy Council." The second task, he argued, was to summon Rhodes' solicitor to the bar of the House and compel the production of the telegrams which would indicate the relations of his client with the Colonial Office. When his advice was rejected, a bad day's work was done for the prestige of the British Empire and the peace of South Africa. A man of such knowledge, foresight and courage made an ideal President of the Conciliation Committee. For twenty years he had been a prominent actor on the political stage, and the South African war made him a national figure. Those who detested his principles and those who shared them agreed in the recognition of his utter disinterestedness. It was a triumph of character and personality. "I wish there was more Cornish granite like you in the world," remarked his old friend Earl Grey in 1902; and a younger friend aptly testified that he was a man for all weathers. That he was denounced as a pro-Boer and Little Englander, a crank and a doctrinaire, troubled him not at all. When I gave him one of my books and wrote in it *Victrix causa deis placuit sed victa Catoni* he seemed flattered by the comparison. Happily for us all our Cornish Cato was blessed with a tender heart.

I was welcomed to his home in Cheyne Walk which was to mean so much to me for twenty years, and I learned to love the sturdy old host. Though I was neither a Unionist nor as yet a convert to Proportional Representation, minor differences melted away in our common detestation of the South African record of the Government. When the harmony of many homes, my own included, was strained by divergent views on the war, he was a tower of strength. There was nothing flabby or nebulous about him, for his mind had a keen edge. He was interested in everything except trifles. He loved poetry, of which he held inexhaustible stores in his memory; he was something of a connoisseur in pictures; he had travelled in many parts of the world; and he revealed a deep though undogmatic piety in his thoughtful little book, *The Diary of a Churchgoer*. Born in 1832 he had followed public events since the revolution of 1848. His wife, one of the nine Miss Potters and an elder sister of Mrs. Sidney Webb, stood with unflinching courage at his side, and helped to make their home a social centre of the Pro-Boers.

While Courtney's knowledge of the historical relations of Boer and Briton was unrivalled, the Chairman of the Executive was a mine of information on recent developments. A son of a Bishop of Oxford and a nephew of Chief Justice Coleridge, Mackarness had practised as a lawyer in Cape Colony where he met the leading figures of both races. To him, as to old Richard Hooker, law was "the voice of God." After his return he appeared before the Privy Council in South African cases, and learned of every move on the

chess-board through such friends as Merrimen and Sauer, Sir Henry de Villiers and Schreiner, Sir James Rose Innes and Sir Richard Solomon. His opposition to the war arose not merely from the respect he had formed for the Dutch but from his conviction that the grievances of the Outlanders, though real and vexatious, were limited in extent. Where Milner discovered "panoplied hatred, insensate ambition, invincible ignorance," Mackarness saw only the natural reluctance of a little farming community to enfranchise immigrants who had recently plotted the overthrow of the Republic. His pamphlets and letters to the press throughout the struggle were courteous in tone and packed with knowledge. History, he believed, would condemn the South African war as it had condemned the struggle in the Crimea. He loved England so tenderly that he could not bear to see a blot on her scutcheon. It was indeed the greatest sorrow and trial of his life. He was ready for any personal sacrifice, and his campaign ruined his legal practice. I used to call him the bulldog, for once engaged in a struggle of principle he never let go. The members of the Conciliation Committee had not to wait many years before we learned from the lips of Botha and Smuts that the bitterness of defeat had been in some degree assuaged by the knowledge that Chamberlain and Milner did not speak for the whole of Great Britain.

The argument for the war was presented by St. Loe Strachey with remarkable power in the *Spectator*, which I read diligently every week. Equally striking were the leaders in the *Daily News* by Sir Edward Cook, an ardent Liberal Imperialist and author of *The Rights and Wrongs of the Transvaal War*, the best defence of the Chamberlain-Milner policy ever written. On my side of the fence the most gifted journalistic champion was Massingham. He had made the *Daily Chronicle* the expression of his Gladstonian Liberalism, but he resigned his editorial chair without hesitation when the proprietors invited him to support the war. A similar misfortune befell the Liberal Ulsterman, Crook, editor of the *Echo*, who accepted his fate with the same uncomplaining philosophy. These evictions left the *Morning Leader* the only London paper in open opposition. The *Westminster Gazette*, believing that the war was "unnecessary but not unjust," strove to prevent the two sections of the Liberal party from drifting irrevocably apart, and usually shared our views on specific misdeeds of the Government. The cool temperament of Alfred Spender, the eldest and ablest of three brothers, was a national asset in those days of boiling passion; and though I felt more hotly about the whole affair I was grateful for the balanced comments of the only Liberal journalist who kept in touch with both wings. My chief comfort in the daily press came from the *Manchester Guardian*, in which its proprietor and editor, C. P. Scott, Member of Parliament till the dissolution of 1900, and Leonard Hobhouse, as eminent in journalism as in philosophy and sociology, expounded the Gladstonian tradition.

G. P. GOOCH

*To be continued.*

## THE YOUTH PROBLEM IN AMERICA

SOME of the most serious problems that face America today, and they are not a few despite assiduously-disseminated propaganda about the "unprecedented era of golden prosperity," are social in their character. Of these perhaps the one that gives thoughtful people the most concern, taking the country as a whole, is the problem of the younger generation.

That these do present a problem, and a serious one, stems largely from current conditions, conditions that are gradually disintegrating home life in America, thus depriving the young of the home influences without which no others, educational or whatever, can be of much avail in the shaping of character and upbringing along sound moral lines. Young Americans, from childhood to adolescence, are permitted a measure of latitude in all concerns that is more and more developing into unbridled license. From this it is but another step to lawlessness, and the extent to which that prevails is adequately proven in the fact that more than fifty per cent of all crime in the United States up to, but not including, capital crime, is committed by boys—in not a few cases by girls as well, either of themselves or in aiding and abetting the boys—below the age of twenty-one. All this comes under the head of “juvenile delinquency”; and as the well-known Catholic prelate, Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, has stressed, such delinquency much more often than otherwise is the fault of bad home influences, or the lack of any influences at all where both parents are away from home most of the time, either at work or seeking the distraction that is today one of the main objectives of the average American.

In the larger American cities there are youthful “gangs.” They are commonly known by various fantastic names, “Hot Cats,” “Smith Street Tigers,” “Yellow Rats.” At best, all manner of minor depredations are attributable to these, at worst, serious crime. “Party-crashing” is one of their favoured pastimes. Such an episode, having unusually serious consequences, was recently recorded in San Francisco, one of America’s most “uninhibited” cities. A youth “gang,” hearing of a party in progress in a good class social district, determined to participate uninvited. One of their number went to the door and demanded admittance. Refused, he called the others and entry was forced, the score or so of the “gang” being armed with knives and small-calibre revolvers. The man of the house remonstrated. The reply was “ya wanna go on livin’, don’t ya?” A general mêlée resulted in which one of the guests was fatally stabbed, and half a dozen on both sides injured. The house was half-wrecked, yet by reason of the certain vengeance of this “gang” and others of their group the house-owner did not even dare notify the police. “Gangsterism” of this sort has become so widespread in America that city police-forces are quite unable to cope with it. To do so successfully would require, it is stated, a doubling of the numerical strength of police resources. Nor is anybody safe from these “gangs,” least of all by resort to law. Stones through windows would be the least to expect by way of revenge.

Americans, with their increasing prosperity, are growing increasingly restless. They must be ever on the move, always “going somewhere.” “Vacations” consist of a rushing about in motorcars from place to place, with brief overnight tarryies. To have crowded the most visits into the usual fortnight’s holiday is the great objective. No one remains at home in leisure time unless contemplating television. Endless processions of cars speed along every highway and by-way until far into the night. Every mile or two there are eating-places of one sort or another, and bottled beer is purchaseable in most of them. Everywhere empty bottles, either of beer or of “coke,” strew the roadside, vieing with all manner of signs and “billboards” to add to the defiling of the American landscape. The home, in the old sense, is

therefore becoming a thing of the past. Obviously there cannot be such a place unless somebody makes and maintains it. But there are more interesting things to do. There are, for instance, "drive-in" cinemas at frequent intervals adjacent to all principal cities. One drives in with one's car, remains in it comfortably, usually having the services of an attendant to bring food or drinks. Why stay at home? All this applies not only to the youth of the family but to the adults. Most well-to-do Americans possess at least two cars, one for the "children." No hindrance whatever is offered to their use of it at all times, to drive to and from school, otherwise to roam about the country. More than half the accidents are attributable to this sort of thing, especially as there is no obstacle to the purchase of alcoholic liquor by any age or either sex, anywhere, at any time. No extreme hinders the American youth in his search for excitement. One of the favourite "stunts" is to set a car in motion, generally two abreast, and take the hands off the wheel. Then the lad who first grasps the wheel again is "chicken," the current jargon for timid. No possible record has been or can be kept of the serious mishaps thus caused.

The cultural life that is necessarily formulated in the home through good reading, intelligent conversation and deference of the younger to the older, is being destroyed. There is neither good reading nor intelligent conversation, and certainly very little deference to anybody or anything. In the place of proper reading is the flood of sex, violence and glorification of the successful criminal which constitutes the bulk of the contents of nine-tenths of the thousands of magazines, "comics" and Sunday newspapers flooding the book-shops, the "drug-stores" and the news-stalls. In the place of serious conversation, the television instrument. In brief, in the place of the home, the high-road, the drive-in cinema, the "snack-bar" and the "cocktail-lounge." Conformity from earliest youth is the rule in America today, despite that it was an American—and a great one—who said that "the only man worth while is the non-conformist." Your newspapers and your magazines and your wireless tell you what to wear, what to eat, what kind of car or household equipment to buy, even what to think. To refuse conformity with all this is to arouse the suspicions of your fellows. Who are you to scorn authority as set forth in the public media of expression? You are set down as "queer," and if your livelihood depends, in a small town perhaps, upon the regard of your neighbours you may be in serious case. The effect of all this upon American youth is but too apparent. Life is made miserable for him if he refuses to wear loud-checked coats, louder socks, and fantastic neckties. Individualism in any respect is suspect in America today, this land of a former "rugged individualism."

All this, a social condition, is far less important, less serious, than the moral aspects of the position. Here exists the real problem, the menace to the present and the threat to the future, that is contained in the undisciplined and increasingly-lawless trend so apparent today among the young people of America. That trend is fostered and fomented by a torrential flow of the aforesaid type of "literature." No small town in the United States but possesses at least one shop where this kind of thing in the hundreds, sometimes literally in the thousands, is offered to all ages and to both sexes without fet or hindrance. Scarce a session of a Juvenile Court anywhere in the country but considers the case of some offender who asserts that his misdeed

was committed in carrying out in detail the explanations and instructions found in his favourite reading-matter.

But in this era of youthful non-restraint, of fear of "repressing the budding personality," and that kind of jargon, it would be a bold parent who would undertake to censor his son's or his daughter's reading. For that matter, it would be an equally bold one who would venture to question *any* of his children's activities, whether ruining appetite and digestion by the constant consumption of "hot dogs" termed by the late H. L. Mencken "sweepings of the abattoirs," "coke" and synthetic ice cream, or returning home at one in the morning.

Youthful "freedom" in America is well illustrated by the availability, lately established, of small bank loans to "'teen-agers," entirely without the knowledge or consent of either parent. It is known as "The 'Teen-age Loan Fund Policy." A well-known American authority on youth and its problems has denounced this as "another example of the breakdown of the home, of parental authority." Here is a reported conversation arising from a bank's notification to a father that his son had borrowed thirty-five dollars and failed to return it as agreed. It is, incidentally, rather a startling commentary on relations between father and son in the conditions of the "new freedom for youth" so much touted in America today.

Father: "What do you want thirty-five dollars for? Do you think money grows on trees?"

Son: "Oh, quit naggin'. I need the dough!"

Father: "How is it you spend every cent of your allowance? Can't you save even a nickel a week?"

Son: "Saving is out. It's old-fashioned. What's the good of it? You've saved all your life and what have you got? Nag, nag, nag, if anybody asks you for a buck. (Dollar). Give me the money and I'll do some big time on Friday night when the boys go out. I'll pick up the tab (bill) for a change."

Relations like this in the home, plus a flood of pornographic and crime-filled reading-matter, and the portrayal of violence in television entertainment, is, in the opinion of every authority, mainly responsible for the present appalling condition in respect of the young people of America. Here, too, originates the rivalry among 'teen-age boys as to which should be termed "chicken."

The motion picture makers are, naturally, prompt to take advantage of all this. "Children of the Dark" and "Blackboard Jungle" are most sensational and bizarre portayers of American youthful lawlessness in and out of the schools. The latter deals, with striking accuracy yet in no degree remonstratively, with "rebellion" in the school-room. A group of pupils, having a grievance against a teacher, lie in wait for him and beat him to death, all in accord with current crime-fiction tradition. Attempts to exercise some surveillance over such as this, as over the appalling printed matter everywhere available to youth of any age, have so far failed completely. It is impossible, apparently, to bring any pressure to bear on the large publishing concerns which produce the stuff. These concerns co-operate in one way and another and maintain a potent lobby at Washington.

While all this is threatening the moral health of the nation's young people, other habits are seriously affecting the physical. It was found, in the examinations for the late war, that almost every second man was unfit for military

service. Most of the unfitness was due to impairment traceable to unwholesome and abnormal ways of living. Ailments were of a digestive character, owing to the extraordinary eating habits of the Americans, and to their reliance upon tinned foods. It is stated by investigators that a third of the population of the United States—the group with incomes below two thousand dollars a year—subsist almost entirely upon food out of "cans" and the mass-production of the great nationwide bakeries. It is "too much trouble" to cook, and besides few American women stay at home long enough. These "homes" are, in hundreds of thousands of cases, in huge apartment-blocks, where there is not and cannot be any inducement to attempt the creation of a real home. One of the leading magazines lately printed an article entitled "Are Our 'Teen-Agers' being Starved?" The "starvation"—under-nourishment, ill-digestion and incipient ailments traceable thereto—was shown to result from the nationwide habit of eating at all times of the day and night, rarely at regular hours. The American school-boy, or school-girl, having been up half the night, rarely starts the day on anything more than a hurried cup of black coffee, supplementing this a few hours later with the aforesaid "hot-dog" accompanied by the American national drink, "coke." One small bottle of this contains more caffeine than two average cups of coffee, therefore possesses a "kick" upon which is based its habit-forming popularity. Recent experiments by the medical profession have had startling results. A piece of raw beef, immersed for a few hours in the contents of a small bottle, has entirely disappeared, eaten away! Yet of this poisonous concoction the average daily consumption in America is more than six million bottles. Therefore the appetite for regular meals is destroyed. The unwholesome sallowness of complexion of so many American youth, often commented upon by British visitors, is traceable to all this. Digestive systems are being wrecked, even as moral standards are being assailed by lasciviousness, violence and criminal portrayal in books, motion-pictures and television. There is a significance in these conditions to all the world, not alone to America, inasmuch as the physical and material leadership of the world, if not the cultural, is America's and may continue to be in the next generation. What kind of generation is that to be?

U.S.A.

MARC T. GREENE

### ANTOINE DE SAINT-EXUPÉRY

**I**N the twelve years which have elapsed since Saint-Exupéry disappeared on a reconnaissance mission over Southern France, his literary reputation—already great during his lifetime—has continued to grow. In French alone, no less than eleven works have been written about him and well over fifty articles, while two recently published volumes of letters have come to reveal even more fully the affectionate, spontaneous, restless Saint-Exupéry, a many-sided personality looking on the world around him with the wondering eyes of a child, a skilled technician and a writer deeply concerned with the spiritual problems of man. Of his seven books, all of which are available in English translation, only the first can really be termed a novel; *The Little Prince* is a delightful fantasy and the others are compounded from vivid impressions of his flying experiences and from his reflections on life, finding their most concentrated expression in the posthumous *Citadelle*. This was

to be the loftiest expression of his thought, but shortly before his death Saint-Exupéry said he needed to work on it for another ten years.

Saint-Exupéry—a name connected with the little township of Saint-Exupéry in the Limousin—was born in 1900 and spent the happiest years of his childhood with his brother and three sisters at the family home in Saint-Maurice-de-Rémens, near Lyon. The memories of that large rambling house remained throughout his life a haven of security and serenity. The little stove which spread its comforting warmth through the children's room was, he wrote to his mother long afterwards from South America, the most peaceful, friendly thing he had ever known, the old chest in which he had stored his treasures was constantly in his thoughts as he wrote his first book. In the park he climbed the trees to tame turtle-doves, his initiation perhaps to all that taming was later to mean to the little Prince: "to tame is to establish ties." That world of his childhood seemed, he said in 1930, more real to him than anything else, indeed he wondered if he had known since then what living really was. It seems a far cry from the Saint-Exupéry of those early days to the man who in 1927 found his true vocation in piloting the monoplanes of France's newly-opened commercial routes from Toulouse to Casablanca and Dakar and later to South America. For eighteen months he was posted at Juby, an isolated refuelling place on the dangerous fringe of the Sahara known as the Rio de Oro, where the Spaniards had established a fort. There he proved his ability to understand and get on with men: venturing out further into the hostile desert than any Spaniard had dared, he drank tea with Moorish chiefs in their tents and undertook the slow diplomacy and patient bargaining which achieved more with them than any other means. The measure of his success can be gauged by the Moors' name for him—"lord of the sands"—and by the moving welcome which both they and the Spaniards gave him some time later when he touched down at Juby to refuel. And, yet another facet of this man of many gifts, his report to Paris on conditions at Juby is a model of preciseness, good sense and shrewd assessment of the situation.

The technical ability of Saint-Exupéry is apt to be overlooked. The writer who holds humorous, whimsical discussions with roads and forests as he flies, also took out ten patents for inventions, including, among other things, devices to help planes land with visibility at zero and to assist engines in take-off. He worked on an aerodynamic stabiliser for planes, on electromagnetic waves, and in 1939-40 he submitted to the military authorities plans for night camouflage. To achieve all this, Saint-Exupéry had only improvised laboratory equipment; Dr. Pélissier tells us in his *Cinq Visages de Saint-Exupéry* how more than once visitors were surprised to find his bathroom turned into a lake with floating boats for hydrodynamic experiments. These technical accomplishments were, however, like Saint-Exupéry's writing, based on observation—observation of seagulls in flight, of the black-out over Toulouse, of night-flying over Buenos-Aires. Imagination, intuition and poetry are, Saint-Exupéry believed, three fairies to whom the artist and theorist alike are indebted for their finest discoveries. This is the link between Saint-Exupéry the inventor and Saint-Exupéry the writer, whose sense of wonder enables him to see in objects more than their everyday use, so that the levers in an aeroplane became for him "those magical instruments placed like stars," the places he would pass "a rosary of singing names that one is about

to tell," whilst the morning mist in the desert made him dream of the white linen so carefully folded and treasured by faithful serving-women in the linen-room of a home.

There was in Saint-Exupéry a rare combination of imagination and observation, of the dreamer and the man of action. Before writing, he declared, one must live, one must learn to see: no literary artifice can cover the lack of these essentials. There is no facile sentimentalism in his attitude, there is for instance a simplicity, almost a nudity, in his rendering of the feats of the men who risked so much in the air: after relating the prodigious courage of Mermoz when his plane crashed on a precipice in the Andes, Saint-Exupéry merely adds, "The next day he was at it again." The grandeur of living lies, not in the grandiose and the abstract, but in the simple things of everyday: on a flight among the stars he conjures up the picture of the coffee and hot rolls which will be his on landing—"The joy of living was summed up for me . . . in that mixture of milk and coffee and bread by which men hold communion with tranquil pastures, exotic plantations, and golden harvests, communion with the earth." (*Wind, Sand and Stars*, p. 20). For Saint-Exupéry, happiness is to be found only in the warmth of communion.

As he tried to imagine the post-war world, his concern was not for the trail of material destruction but, as always, for the inner world of man. Meditating on the upheavals of the last thirty years, he voiced his loathing of the human bankruptcy of this epoch and his horror of a future robot era when man might be fed on standardised culture. "The soul of man," he wrote to his mother in 1940, "is to-day a thirsty desert." He saw our time as one in which nothing is irreplaceable, in which loyalty has lost all deep meaning, since everything can be changed, one's wife, one's religion, one's party. Fundamental values have been sacrificed to material comfort which is stifling us. "It is only with the heart that one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye," the little Prince had learnt. What really matters is not refrigerators, nor politics, nor balance-sheets, nor cross-word puzzles, but a spiritual life, involving the whole of our being and transcending the intellect and what is normally understood by religion. The underlying, universal problem, he concluded in a letter published after his death in the *Figaro littéraire* is to reawaken in men spiritual preoccupations, to make rain down upon them something resembling a Gregorian chant.

The moral implicit in the writings of Saint-Exupéry is essentially one of action, for it is by action that we prove ourselves to ourselves. "I hate facility," he wrote in *Citadelle*, "the useful is what offers you resistance." And again: "Those who distinguish thought from action have always seemed to me puerile and blind." Saint-Exupéry defined man as "he who bears within him greater than himself." He can attain that greater than himself only by communion with his fellows and by forgetfulness of self in action, he must be willing to sacrifice himself in the interests of the community which gives him his meaning, just as a stone, insignificant in itself, gains a meaning when its individuality is sacrificed to form part of a cathedral. By surpassing his individual ego, man is linked with the universal. This was the experience of those pioneers of the airlines, who, stripped of all concerns of day-to-day existence in the monastic solitude of their planes, "slipped beyond the confines of this world." There is much to attract us in the work of Saint-Exupéry, the charm of his imagination, the human warmth of his personality, the

poetic impact of his thought. It has a dynamic power to stir and inspire, to awaken reverberations within us, linking literature with everyday joys, with the problems of our age and with the very act of living.

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VERA J. DANIEL

### SHADOWS OVER FRANCE

THE leakage of military secrets affair which figured prominently for ten weeks in the Press has demonstrated once more that personal animosities hated and envy are the dominating sentiments actuating French politicians and that they are unfortunately also prevalent among the masses. These regrettable traits have been noted by many eminent observers. Emile Faguet refers to them in the following words: "A Frenchman is above all a passionate partisan who, besides his own success, desires above all the triumph of his party and the crushing of its adversaries. Even when he is patriotically minded, he is unable to conceive of the prosperity of France if achieved through other means than those of his party." Cocteau, addressing the Academy when recently elected a member of that august assembly, remarked that when a Frenchman meets a compatriot surpassing him in talent by a head, his impulse is to cut off that head. The elimination of distinguished politicians and writers, sympathizers of Marshal Pétain, was largely accomplished through the application of such Procrustean methods of levelling the standards of capacity and worth, as if the elimination of the elite was the best way of stabilising democracy. The savagery with which this purgation was carried out after the liberation was castigated by the Rev. Panici from the pulpit of the cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris by fearlessly denouncing it as a slaughter-house regime.

The *Journal du Parlement* of Nov. 3, 1954, first mentioned that former minister Bidault, when giving evidence in a Court, stated that the Minister of Defence had addressed a letter to the President of the Republic informing him that serious indiscretions had been committed by a member of the Ministerial Council and that the President replied that Minister Mitterand was the guilty person. A military Court was appointed to investigate these charges. General Navarre, commander of the French forces in Indo-China, declared that the disaster of Dien-Bien-Phu was attributable to the military information communicated to the enemy by communists from Paris. Several attempts were made to pervert the course of justice. The presiding magistrate was replaced by another, believed to be more amenable to pressure from above; but when the impartiality of this magistrate dispelled this credence, yet another one was appointed. This was achieved by police commissary Wybot, and the presiding magistrate and public prosecutor expressed their indignation at the interference of the police in the course of justice. They repeatedly complained that intolerable pressure, such as the abstraction of incriminating documents, was being exerted in order to shield the real culprits. Those implicated had attempted to thwart the course of justice by dismissing police prefect Baylot for his anti-communist attitude and commissary Dides who discovered the plot and denounced the culprits (the latter has since been elected deputy for Paris). While giving evidence, Dides levelled some very grave accusations against both Mendès-France and Mitterand, the former

being the *Spiritus Rector* of the paper which published the revelations that had served the enemy, the latter for accepting the post of Minister of Justice knowing that he was directly implicated in the case which was being judged by the tribunal. Both were treated by witnesses as liars when attempting to defend themselves, while Bidault did not retract his original statement. Desiring to justify his attitude he stated: "I do not withdraw a single word of my testimony. I did not say that I knew, but that somebody who had the right to tell me and who had probably the means to know had reported it to me." The deliberations of the Court show the unforgiving hatred among politicians, the primary cause of the affair being the attempt to displace those in power. Thus, while Bidault was in Geneva negotiating with delegates of North Viet-Nam who were offering peace terms more advantageous than those secured later, the Cabinet was overthrown and Mendès-France replaced him by promising peace within a month, knowing that peace had been practically attained by his predecessor. This trial has revealed the existence of a group of communists, progressists, and neutralists ready to betray France's vital interests in order to secure the triumph of their political views. As if these exposures were not sufficient another scandal was brought to light by the publication of a book by Jacques Despuech disclosing how huge fortunes were amassed through the illicit transfer of Indo-Chinese currency in France. What is truly repulsive in this affair is that some politicians approached Despuech and proposed to help him materially if he would use his revelations to discredit their opponents and not merely to expose the guilty.

It was natural that during the last elections the indignation of the public should have found vent in the emergence of the Poujade movement which is on the whole an encouraging sign, for it shows that a section of the population has shaken off its apathy. Securing the election of some 51 deputies, when Mendès-France was able to rally only 34, is a remarkable achievement since Poujade had not a single newspaper at his disposal and the Press recommended electors to abstain from voting in his favour by warning the public that votes cast for him would help the communist candidates. The Poujadists, far from being a mere anti-taxation movement, stand for a radical cleaning up of the administration, which judging from the infinite vista of putridity revealed by a perusal of the files of the *Crapouillot*, or of such books as *Les Scandales de la IV*, *La République des Partis*, *Fifi-Roi*, *Histoire de la Spoliation de la Presse*, or even Sisley Huddleston's *Terreur 1944* is a pressing need if the nation is not to be irrevocably corrupted. Some of the aims of the Poujadists seem reasonable and sound, namely the adoption of a presidential legislative system, the closing of two out of the four existing assemblies; they are certainly redundant and merely serve to provide "cushy jobs" to the staffs of political parties which cannot be accommodated in the Chamber and the Senate. The suppression of advantages favouring multiple-shops and co-operatives run by political parties. The simplification of the fiscal system. (There are some 200 different taxes the assessing and collection of which is so complicated that inquisitorial methods have to be used at times.) An inquiry into the resources possessed by deputies before their election and at the termination of their mandate and also of those of political parties. The movement expresses the prevailing general discontent. The initial impulse was imparted by traders and intermediaries who, having profited by the devaluation of the franc and the black market, had profited by acquitting their taxes in a depreciated currency

while their stocks were revalued as much and who found themselves suddenly menaced by ruin when prices became stabilised in 1953. It is the reaction of people unadapted to modern conditions and who persist in carrying on in their habitual antiquated methods. The Poujadists do not seem to have among their ranks any outstanding personalities capable of assuming the formidable task of cleansing France's Augean stables, but they certainly enjoy the support of a large section of the community since 2,482,000 electors voted for them. They have encountered the fierce opposition of the other parties; the Chamber has invalidated the election of several Poujadists on flimsy pretences and replaced them mainly by socialists without consulting the electorate. Ex-Prime Minister Pinay protested to the Speaker, declaring that the Chamber was dishonouring itself. M. Jean Chamant, having been chosen in place of a Poujadist invalidated by the Chamber, refused to accept the vacated post declaring that the law did not authorise the Chamber to replace an elected member by another. Though owing to their numerical weakness the Poujadists cannot exert much influence in the Chamber, they nevertheless dispose of a formidable weapon, that of threatening to withdraw from state banks their savings, a menace which if carried out may compromise the already precarious position of the Treasury. The real deficit for 1955 amounted to 973 milliards (including subsidies and advances), and that of 1956 was calculated to exceed 1,222 before the government's decision to increase old age pensions (likely to cost 140 milliards) and extend workmen's paid holidays from two to three weeks. (Some administrations grant four weeks.) Paul Reynaud, criticising these measures, declared: "before this bottomless pit the government turns its head away." That such disapprobation is fully justified may be gauged by an examination of the annual report of the official committee which audits the State accounts and disclosed cases of wholesale waste, fraud and expenditure of public funds often on fantastic projects.

Judging from the disunity and insensate squabbles of its factious politicians, a democratic regime seems unsuitable for France. The judiciary has lost most of its prestige and reliability. Quite recently the magistrate who presided over the Court which condemned Marshal Pétain published a book in which he admitted that certain documents containing sufficient evidence to acquit Pétain of the charges brought against him had not been communicated to his legal defenders. Laval too was not given a decent trial and his condemnation and execution was a positive disgrace. Distinguished writers like Brasillach and Beraud were condemned to death after the liberation, although their colleagues were acquitted for similar offences a decade later when they decided to return to France after their voluntary exile abroad, as if the principles of justice were not immutable. The judiciary seem amenable to political pressure. If they appear recalcitrant to such influences they are replaced by more pliant magistrates, as happened in the case of the stolen treasury bonds at Arras when deputy Le Recy was implicated. The Dominici case shows how certain influences may be exerted to thwart the course of justice. As was divulged by the *Méridional* several crimes had been committed in the neighbourhood of Dominici's farm after the liberation. In one case the investigating magistrate was shot when on the track of the murderers. In another case a police officer was assassinated after discovering the whereabouts of the criminals. Dominici is aware who these men are and

in order to avoid being denounced by him, they are exerting their influence at the headquarters of a political party to which they are affiliated to protect him from being punished. The *Figaro* wrote: "something mysterious and powerful protects the Dominican," and hinted that the communist party intervened when a store of arms was discovered in the possession of the president of the Communist organisation of the region.

*Malmaison, France.*

G. C. LOGIO

## A VISIT TO THE UNIVERSITY OF MOSCOW

ADVANCING on Moscow in 1812, Napoleon viewed the golden cupolas of the Kremlin and the innumerable churches from the Poklonny Hill. Near this spot, amidst what are now called the Lenin Hills, the Russians sited their new university, and from the top of its central building one may still survey the vast panorama of this peculiar city, but skyscrapers rise alongside the bridges over the Moskva and the oriental architecture which thrilled Napoleon. The eight hundred acres of sportsfields, park and garden around the university constitute a city within a city populated by 20,000 students and lecturers. This largeness of scale, permitting a scientific or technical training to be given to thousands of the most intelligent Soviet youths, and tight ideological control by the Communist Party cadres—these are the dominating impressions I retain of a visit to Moscow University made last autumn. Conversation with the students has a switchback quality: genuine friendliness alternates with quite unconcealed hostility until the visitor learns that even a statement with no apparent political content may precipitate a quarrel. I found it, for example, impossible to convince a young linguist that Yiddish is not an artificial language like Esperanto, and yet this student's research work on Shakespeare demanded a knowledge comparable to that of my Cambridge acquaintances in this field. To disarrange such distorted patterns of belief will take many years of cultural exchanges. Similar brushes took place with my guide, an intelligent *Komsomol* girl of about twenty with bright eyes and firm chin. She was visibly proud as she recited her statistics.

The largest of 33 universities in the U.S.S.R., Moscow teaches 22,000 students, 6,000 of them by post. The nucleus of the foundation was an academy inaugurated under the Empress Elizabeth (1741-62) by the poet and scientist, Mikhail Lomonosov (after whom the university is named), and the Empress's brilliant favourite, Count Ivan Shuvalov. Former students known to westerners include Chekhov, Turgenev, Goncharov, Lermontov, Belinski and Herzen. Half the present student population are women, who will enjoy complete equality of status and salary with men when they enter the professions. In this connection it will be recalled that Professor S. Zuckerman, Chairman of our Committee on Scientific Manpower, has stated that women make up 25 per cent of all Russian engineering graduates and nearly 70 per cent of the doctors.

Ninety-six per cent of the students are supported by state scholarships (the remaining four per cent being considered not to have made sufficient progress as judged by the annual examination). In the last year of study the grant amounts to 500 roubles a month; this is slightly below the average wage of a workman. Students who specially distinguish themselves academically or

socially—which may mean politically?—qualify for extra awards, the highest of which is the Stalin Prize. Admission is for men and women between the ages of 17 and 35 who have attained secondary school standard and passed an entrance examination in (1) Russian—language and literature; (2) a foreign language—English, French or German; and (3) two or three subjects relating to the faculty the student is entering. All students follow a course of Marxism-Leninism during their first two years and, whatever their specialisation is to be, all continue to learn a foreign language. Attendance at lectures is compulsory. The teaching body numbers 2,300; 89 lecturers are full or corresponding members of the Academy of Sciences. Though the University is most famous for its teaching of mathematics and aerodynamics (Professors N. Zhukovski and Chaplygin enjoy international prestige), there are twelve other faculties: physics, chemistry, biology, geology, economics, law, geography, history, philology, philosophy and journalism.

The term of study is five years, of which, in general, the first two years are devoted to theory and the remaining three include much practical work. Biologists, for example, spend periods on state or collective farms applying theory to current problems; a geographer may join an expedition to the Arctic. Such linking of academic pursuits and the life of the nation is a distinctive feature of Soviet education. The student is constantly reminded of his duty to society; he is supposed to keep fit, for instance, and in the long summer holidays is given free accommodation at health and seaside resorts. One of the results of this is that the Soviet student is noticeably less gay than the Oxford or Cambridge undergraduate; the jollities at Oxford which greeted Bulganin and Khrushchov would astound him. Ultimate control of the University is vested in the Minister of Culture, N.A. Mikhailov. Student discipline, at our older universities supervised by grave, elderly proctors, is at Moscow the responsibility of elected committees of the *Komsomol* (Young Communist League). The guide was a little embarrassed when asked what sort of offences were dealt with by the *Komsomol* committees and replied, "Well, a student might not have the right attitude to his work or his comrades, he might be lazy or selfish...." She did not clarify this point; it is, however, generally known that the League, though not a Party organization, works under the Party's leadership and enjoys such privileges as the right to take up directly with ministers educational or labour problems which particularly concern the youth of the country.

The gigantic skyscraper on the Lenin Hills houses the scientific faculties; the arts are still accommodated in the older building near the National Hotel. The 32 storeys and spire of the central block were said to contain 22,000 rooms; flats for lecturers (two to four rooms according to status), bed-sitting rooms for students, 148 amphitheatres for lectures (some look faintly like the Festival Hall, all of them are said to be acoustically perfect), 1,000 laboratories, a geographical museum, libraries, canteens and a ceremonial hall (*Aktovy Zal*) seating 1,500 persons. Outside one may come across gymnasias, tennis courts, a swimming pool, even a track for riding, a botanical garden. To share my guide's enthusiasm for figures one would have to come from a dynamic society like that of the U.S.A. or the U.S.S.R. Soviet moral fervour occasionally strikes the visitor from an older, more tired, country as naive. It was, however, clear that a student could live in the miniature city of the University a contented, purposeful life, and an exhibition documenting its

200 years' history testified also to its growing international prestige. (A statement that Mr. Brian Downs, Master of Christ's College, represented Cambridge University at the 200th anniversary celebrations was witty dated 2nd May, 1955.) It is regrettable that for the Russian student this universe is what might be called "Russocentric," an attitude reinforced in him by the presence in Moscow of students from some 60 countries. Prominent among them are Chinese, Koreans and East Europeans, but there is also a sprinkling from such western countries as France and Italy. And one wishes that a little gaiety and unorthodoxy could break in upon "the third Rome." For Professor Zuckerman is right to worry. The ambivalent attitude of Russia towards the west is, as Mr. Deutscher has pointed out,\* strikingly illustrated in Alexander Blok's poem, *The Scythians*: "Russia is a Sphinx. Joying and grieving, and pouring out black blood, she peers and peers and peers at you with both hatred and love. Yes, love, for it is a long time now since any of you loved as our blood loves! You have forgotten that there exists a love which burns and destroys."

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\*I. Deutscher, *Stalin* p. 387. Translation my own.

## CELTIC CHRISTIANITY

IT is not known precisely when or how or by whom Christianity was first brought to Britain, but it was almost certainly during the early part of the Roman occupation. The first Christians to come here may have been merchants who came to trade or soldiers of the armies of occupation. Two early Christian writers, Tertullian in 208 and Origen in 230, speak of the Faith as established in Britain. Traces of churches of the Roman period have been unearthed at Canterbury, and at Silchester near Reading. St. Alban, the first known person in Britain to have been martyred for the Faith, was put to death at Verulamium according to Bede during the Diocletian persecution in 304 A.D.; according to some modern historians under that of Decius some fifty years earlier. It is on record that British bishops were present at the Councils of Arles (314 A.D.), Nicea (325) and Ariminum (359); and it may be considered an indication of the comparative poverty of the British Church in the fourth century that at the last-named of these Councils the bishops from Britain were the only ones who took advantages of the allowance for expenses offered by the Emperor. Scanty though the historical records are of Romano-British Christianity, their sparseness is more than compensated by a plentiful crop of legends. St. Paul himself has been claimed as the Apostle of Britain, and the Celtic Church of Wales boasted that its clergy derived their Orders from Aristobulus, the friend and fellow-worker of the great Apostle. The legend of Joseph of Arimathea landing near Glastonbury, bearing the Holy Grail and planting the staff which took root and budded and blossomed annually, is too well-known to need detailed recapitulation.

There is considerable disagreement among historians as to the extent to which British Christianity suffered as a consequence of the fifth-century Anglo-Saxon invasions. It seems reasonably certain, however, that over wide areas of the country practically all traces of the Faith were obliterated,

and that only in the remote and mountainous regions of Wales, Cornwall and Strathclyde did the unhindered practice of Christianity persist. The re-introduction of the Faith was to come partly from the Celtic Church of these districts, and partly from fresh missionary infiltration from Gaul or direct from the centre of Christendom, Rome itself. Amongst the mountains and secluded valleys of Western Britain, Christian belief and worship survived unmolested, until the time was ripe for it to issue forth to help convert the invader and re-Christianize the land he had ravaged and paganized.

In Wales, in particular, a strong national Church grew up, cut off by circumstances from the rest of Christendom and so developing its own peculiar practices and characteristics. So far as the "Celtic fringe" of these islands is concerned, the latter half of the fifth century has been called "the Age of the Saints"—the age of St. David (*Dewi Sant* to the Welsh); of St. Ninian, priest, monk and missionary of Strathclyde, who from his "*Candida Casa*" on the tiny island of Whithorn on the tidal shores of the Solway Firth kindled and kept alight in south-western Scotland the lamp of Christian truth; of St. Patrick and his spiritual conquest of Ireland. Earlier in the same century two missions, each headed by Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, in 429 and 447, had visited Britain with a view to counteracting the British heresy of Pelagianism—with what degree of success it is difficult to estimate. It has been suggested indeed that a Pelagian or semi-Pelagian form of Christianity already existed in Ireland before St. Patrick went there, and that his mission was very largely undertaken to stamp out the heresy and repair the damage done by it.

The sixth century saw Celtic Christianity flourishing and expanding with tremendous vigour and vitality. The Welsh monasteries were its particular glory: Bangor Iscoed, for example, with its 2,000 and more monks; or St. David's own foundation of Menevia, from whence went missionaries to Devon and Cornwall; or Caldey, founded by St. Illud; or St. Asaph, founded by St. Kentigern, Bishop of Strathclyde. From Caldey came Teilo, Bishop of Llandaff, St. Samson, who journeyed to Ireland to bring fresh vigour to the Church of that land, and Paulus Aurelianus, who crossed to Armorica (Brittany) where he is still venerated as St. Pol de Leon. In Ireland there were the great monastic establishments of Clonmacnois, Clonfert, Moville, Clonard and Bangor—centres of enlightenment and learning, to which came scholars from Gaul and elsewhere on the Continent. In these houses was given instruction in rhetoric, grammar, geometry, arithmetic and the arts, but predominantly, of course, in the Sacred Scriptures. The monks, it seems, were familiar with the great classical writers, pagan as well as Christian. Gildas wrote excellent Latin; St. Cadoc required his pupils to learn large portions of Virgil by heart. Later, possibly under the influence of Archbishop Theodore, Greek language and literature were added to the subjects studied in the great scholastic Celtic monasteries. Towards the end of the sixth century came a further great wave of missionary enthusiasm, mainly from Ireland and Irish monasteries. About 565 St. Columba founded his settlement on Iona. The conversion of Devon was completed by St. Petrock some fifteen years later. About 590 Columbanus of Leinster, educated at Bangor, crossed to Gaul with twelve companions and journeyed through Switzerland, Germany and Italy, founding monasteries at Annegray, Luxueil and Fontaines. About the same time St. Gall, and his foundation at Lake

Constance named after him, came into the picture and very soon Western Europe was studded with religious houses of Irish origin. It was also frequented by Irish "episcopi vagantes," wandering bishops without diocesan functions, often heretical in their teaching, invariably irresponsible and a source of vexation and embarrassment to more reputable prelates and missionaries. St. Boniface, in fact, found them such a nuisance that he succeeded in getting them condemned, both by Councils of the Church and by the Holy See. The outstanding characteristic of the Celtic monastery was the existence within it of monks in episcopal orders, performing episcopal sacramental and ceremonial functions but without administrative authority or responsibility. Side by side with these monastic bishops, there were in Ireland, at any rate from the time of St. Patrick onwards, "episcopi parochiales," whose functions approximated much more closely to those of the modern diocesan bishop. After St. Patrick's time, says Professor Bury, "bishops multiplied like flies."

Another important characteristic of Celtic Christianity was the penitential system to be found in it, and which later affected the whole of Western Christendom. At Rome, and in Western Europe generally, private confession followed by public penance had taken the place of public confessions of sins. For long, however, the rule persisted that penance and absolution could only be received once in a lifetime, with the result that many people lived entirely without it and sought it only, if at all, on their death-bed. This practice, of course, accorded with the theory, so prominent at the time of St. Cyprian and the Novationist controversy, that sins committed after Baptism could not be absolved. Only very slowly did a less rigorous view-point establish itself, in the face of bitter opposition.

The Celtic system substituted private penance (after private confession), and restrictions on the number of times that one might seek absolution were removed. Frequent confession became commonplace and a prominent aspect of devout Christian practice. To meet the increased demand for the administration of the sacrament of penance, "Penitentials" began to appear, providing guidance for confessors and penances suitably varied and graded to meet the degree of enormity and to fit the nature of the sundry sins to which human frailty was prone. One of the earliest of these Penitentials was that of St. Finian of Clonard. Not only does he enumerate penances suitable to particular offences; he also stipulates no public exercise of penance in connexion with the Liturgy, no public reconciliation of the penitent, no recourse to the Bishop by way of appeal. Penances were severe, and frequently involved lengthy periods of fasting on bread and water. The Penitential of Columbanus introduced the Celtic system to the Continent, and so the influence of the Celtic monasteries was tremendous and far-reaching. Irish piety was held in high esteem, and monasteries after the Celtic pattern sprang up in Frankish territories at such places as Jouarre, Reuil, Rebais, S. Valery and Jumiége. The Council of Chalon accepted the Celtic penitential system as "a medicine of the soul useful for all men," and so did Archbishop Theodore of Canterbury who, in the Penitential which bears his name, gave it a more orderly arrangement and a more finished completeness. In this way the Celtic method of administering absolution and penance established itself widely over the Western Church, to the progressive exclusion of the older system of once-in-a-lifetime-only penance.

performed in public; and so was made possible the disciplinary machinery of the mediaeval Church, with its potential and actual abuses of a mercenary and often a political kind.

Asceticism was an important characteristic of the Celtic Church, of which St. Aidan, monk of Iona and Bishop of Lindisfarne, was a notable exemplar. Severe mortifications were embraced, long hours spent in prayer, vigils and fast days rigorously observed. The church of St. Patrick, St. Columba, St. David and St. Aidan had nothing to learn from its continental counterpart in the way of missionary zeal, austerity of life or devotion to the pursuit of knowledge. But the fact remains that, as a consequence of geography and political events, Celtic Christianity had been cut off for two and a half centuries from the main stream of ecclesiastical development when the Synod of Whitby was convened in 664 to decide on the principal divergences between the adherents of the Celtic and Roman modes of Christianity. The Celtic shape of priestly tonsure was peculiarly its own; its method of fixing the date of Easter was that of the Roman Church before the Saxon invasions caused the isolation of British Christianity. It was inevitable that the divergent views of the two contending parties should be finally brought to a head; inevitable too, no doubt, that the views of those representing the main stream of development should prevail over those of their opponents.

Inevitable, but not necessarily desirable. Many of the arguments advanced in favour of adopting the Roman methods were historically and theologically suspect; the debating manners of their protagonists frequently left much to be desired. Nor is it necessarily a perversity of outlook which prefers a reasonable latitude in matters of secondary moment to a rigid Cranmerian-Tudor uniformity. There is something so distasteful in Wilfred's harsh and overbearing dialectic, however valid its syllogisms, that one can scarce forbear to sympathise with the defeated Colman and his friends, retiring with dignity from the scene of their discomfiture into the anachronistic shadows of the Celtic Twilight. Out-dated and unfashionable though their habits might be deemed, theirs was a glory of endeavour and achievement which neither time nor change could tarnish or destroy. Even after the Synod of Whitby the Celtic Church could still boast of personalities of power and leadership superior to those of their successful opponents, Wilfred himself alone excepted. They were defeated but not crushed. Celtic bishops and priests were not driven out of northern England. Lindisfarne was permitted by King Oswy to retain its cherished Celtic customs. Whitby itself was pro-Celtic, and as late as 685 the Abbess had a bishop resident and under her jurisdiction. The monastic houses of the North, with their control of education and of the supply of priests and teachers, fought a long and sustained rear-guard action against the new ideas. Had Wilfred had to deal with this situation it is possible that he would have driven the North into open rebellion and ultimate schism. Archbishop Theodore displayed wisdom and statesmanship, tolerating much that he disliked, e.g. mixed monasteries of men and women. It is said that his patience and forbearance even caused suspicions of his orthodoxy to be entertained at Rome. Nevertheless his policy succeeded where more violent methods would almost certainly have failed. Refusing to alienate those who clung to Celtic ways by harsh, unsympathetic rigorism, his tactful consideration won many of them over and softened and facilitated the inevitable process of evolution.

H. A. L. RICE

## SIR THOMAS BROWNE

TUCKED away in Norwich in the 17th century was a scholarly Doctor whose books have greatly enriched English Literature. Professor Saintsbury called Sir Thomas Browne "the greatest prose writer, perhaps when all things are taken together, in the whole range of English." And certainly Sir Thomas's work has much to offer the reader. Lord Lytton, the 19th century novelist observed that: "His writings made a strong impression in his own time, and they still command, among all who turn for inspiration and delight to our earlier authors, a vivid admiration." The same author calls *Religio Medici* "one of the most beautiful prose poems in the language." Nowhere does Sir Thomas Browne's writings reveal the fact that he lived in the turbulent days of the 17th century upheaval in England; the days of intolerance and bitter strife. His books are pleasant, imaginative and strong like the man himself.

Thomas Browne was born in London on 19th October, 1605 and died on the same date seventy-seven years later. According to a pedigree drawn up by Peter Le Neve, Browne was descended from a family of Cheshire squires who resided at Upton. His father was not the eldest son and so left Cheshire to become a Mercer in the parish of St. Michael-le-Quern, Cheapside, London. Sir Thomas's mother was Anne Garraway of Lewes, Sussex, who after the death of her first husband married Sir Thomas Dutton of Gloucester. Young Thomas was sent to school at Winchester in 1616 and about six years later he entered Broadgates Hall (Pembroke College), Oxford where he obtained his degrees. Leaving Oxford he went abroad to study medicine. In Europe he travelled extensively and found his knowledge of six languages a great assistance in learning more about other lands. On his return to England he had "not only seen several countries, beheld the nature of their climes, the chorography of the provinces, the topography of their cities, but understood their several laws, customs and policies." His keen quest for knowledge embraced all subjects and years later when writing to his son Edward, he advised him to show an enthusiasm for knowledge of all kinds. He had always possessed this enthusiasm himself. Indeed Sir Edmund Gosse comments that: "His extraordinary learning is seen to be of a kind, and to extend in a direction which is never due to teachers but to the original initiative of the student."

On his return to England, Thomas Browne took up residence at Upper Shibden Hall, near Halifax in the West Riding of Yorkshire. It was here that he wrote his first and greatest work *Religio Medici*. It was written for his own enjoyment before he reached the age of thirty and in the first authorised edition of 1643, he observes "It was penned in such a place and with such disadvantages that (I protest) from the first setting of pen to paper I had not the assistance of any good book." This statement is corroborated by Bentley who, in the lifetime of Sir Thomas's son, wrote: "the author fixed himself in this populous and rich trading place wherein to show his skill and gain respect in the world; and that during his residence amongst us, and in his vacant hours, he writ his admired piece *Religio Medici*." Because it was written for his own "private exercise and enjoyment," Thomas Browne expressed many of his deepest feelings in the book. After completion, various hand-written copies were made and lent to a few people. Probably one of these

was seen by a printer; at any rate the work was surreptitiously published. Dr. Johnson, who wrote a biography of Browne, believed that the author himself had something to do with the secret publication, but this seems very unlikely when the author's preface to the authorised edition is taken into account. By the time this appeared, he was living and practising medicine in Norwich, having moved to that ancient city in 1637. When he was thirty-six years old he married Dorothy Mileham but the house where they spent their happy married life, has been demolished. Yet if the old house has gone, the church of St. Peter Mancroft remains and there Thomas Browne worshipped. His close friend, the Rev. John Whitefoot, left an interesting biographical sketch of the learned Doctor:—

" For a character of his person, his complexion and his hair were answerable to his name; his stature was moderate, and his habit of body neither fat nor lean. In his habit of clothing he had an aversion to all finery and affected plainness. He ever wore a cloke or boots, when few others did. . . . The horizon of his understanding was much larger than the hemisphere of the world; all that was visible in the heavens he comprehended so well, that few that are under them knew so much. And of the earth he had such a minute and exact geographical knowledge as if he had been by divine providence ordained surveyor-general of the whole terrestial orb and its products, minerals, plants and animals. His memory was capacious and tenacious, insomuch that he remembered all that was remarkable in any book he ever read. . . . His aspect and conversation were grave and sober; there was never to be seen in him anything trite or vulgar. Parsimonious in nothing but his time, whereof he made as much improvement, with as little loss as any man in it; when he had any to spare from his drudging practice, he was scarce patient of any diversion from his study. . . . He attended public service very constantly when he was not withheld by his practice."

This proves that much of the criticism of Thomas Browne's religion was unfounded. His *Religio Medici* steers rather an unsteady course in regard to religious matters, but in the essentials of Christianity, Browne remained firm. Early in the work he states: " I have ever endeavoured to nourish the merciful disposition and human inclination I borrowed from my parents and regulate it to the written and prescribed laws of charity." Later in the second part of the book, he maintains: " Now, there is another part of charity, which is the basis and pillar of this, and that is the love of God, for whom we love our neighbour; for this I think is charity, to love God for Himself, and our neighbour for God. All that is truly amiable is God, or as it were a divided piece of Him that retains a reflex or shadow of himself." This idea of charity was rather unusual in the seventeenth century to say the least, but Browne did not end there; in another part of the work he looked ahead to the age when " the revaluation of time and the mercie of God " will affect the reconciliation of the various religious groups. This belief seems strangely modern for a scholar of his era and it is understandable that it caused consternation among Puritans and High-Churchmen alike. In another portion of the work he states: " The great attribute of God—His mercy; and, to be true and speak my soul, when I survey the occurrences of my life and call into account the finger of God, I can perceive nothing but an abyss and mass of mercies, wither in general to mankind, or in particular to myself. . . ." In conclusion he wrote: " Bless me in this life with but the peace of my conscience, command

of my affections, the love of thy selfe, and my dearest friends, and I shall be happy enough to pity Caesar. These are, O Lord, the humble desires of my most reasonable ambition and all I dare call happiness on earth; wherein I set no rule or limit to thy hand or providence; dispose of me according to the wisdom of thy pleasure. Thy will be done, though in my owne undoing." This closing part of *Religio Medici* is mainly auto-biographical, yet it is the part which most often appeals to readers by reason of the chord it strikes in their own thoughts and impressions. Sir Edmund Gosse says: "Everyone recognises or believes that he recognises the best parts of his moral and intellectual nature in Browne's affectionate confidences."

Yet it is not only on account of its contents that *Religio Medici* won and has retained an honoured place in literature. Its prose is very beautiful; Lytton Strachey observed that Sir Thomas Browne and Jeremy Taylor "managed to fill their sentences with the splendour and passion of poetry"; and that like Taylor, Browne also had the "poetical spirit of painting thoughts that often conveys to us his meaning." What is more, Thomas Browne's work is not difficult to read, although some critics have regarded his masterpiece as a volume to be dipped into rather than studied as a whole. It is only when the book is read in its entirety that the full meaning and grandeur of the prose can be assimilated and this in spite of the fact that the author has a tendency to wander into the side-tracks of his thoughts away from the main arguments or reason. Lord Lytton said: "No one has ever written sentences more beautifully philosophical."

From his boyhood, Thomas Browne was keenly interested in botany and its allied subjects. He saw nothing ugly in the most unsightly creature. Indeed he observes himself that: "There are two books from whence I collect my divinity—besides that written one of God, another of His servant nature; that universal and public manuscript, that has expounded unto the eyes of all—those that never saw Him in the one have discovered Him in the other." This keen interest in Nature study lead Thomas Browne to complete his second book *Enquiries into very many received Tenets and commonly presumed Truths, which examined prove but Vulgar and Common Errors*, to give it its full English title. In order to prove or disprove many beliefs, he experimented and observed tiny creatures closely. He kept a toad and some spiders in a receptacle to see if they did conform to the old superstition that they poisoned each other. Nothing of the kind occurred, in fact the toad dined off seven of the spiders and completed its repast with bees and proved none the worse for the diet. The learned Doctor also keenly studied glow-worms and grasshoppers. He even went into the question of trying to prove or disprove the reality of heraldic monsters. The Griffin in particular gave him a great deal of trouble before he finally decided against its existence. The book has not much to offer the modern reader apart from the insight it reveals into the many superstitions widely held in the 17th century by educated people. Nor was the author free from some superstitions himself as his participation in a certain witchcraft case proved.

*Urn Burial* another of his books owed its origin to the chance discovery of forty or fifty ancient burial urns at Old Walsingham in 1657. They were "deposited in a dry and sandy soil, not a yard deep, not far from one another." These lead to an investigation about them and resulted in what is now a well-known English classic. Of this book Thomas Carlyle says: "The

conclusion of the essay on Urn-Burials is absolutely beautiful: a still elegiac mood, so soft, so deep, so solemn and tender, like the song of some departed saint—an echo of deepest meaning from the great and mighty nation of the Dead.... Sir Thomas Browne must have been a good man." *The Garden of Cyprus* is another book in similar style and after the author's death, lesser-known works also witnessed to his splendid gift of the use of words and poetic phrases.

Thomas Browne was one of the fortunate authors who received recognition in his life-time, this was extended by both his Sovereign and people. John Evelyn, the famous Diarist tells how he accompanied Lord Henry Howard to Norwich on 17th October, 1671, mainly in order to see the famous resident of the city. "I was not hard to be persuaded to, having a desire to see that famous scholar and physician, Dr. T. Browne, author of the *Religio Medici* and *Vulgar Errors*, now lately knighted.... Next morning, I went to see Sir Thomas Browne (with whom I had some time corresponded by letter, though I had never seen him before) his whole house and garden being a paradise and cabinet of rarities, and that of the best collection, especially medals, books, plants and natural things. .... He led me to see all the remarkable places of this ancient city, being one of the largest, and certainly, after London, one of the noblest of England." In the same city round which he conducted John Evelyn and in which he spent so many years of his hard-working life, there is a statue to the learned Doctor showing him musing as he must have done so often in real life. It is to his musings and his fine gift of using the English language that literature owes so much.

MARION TROUGHTON

#### *SIC TRANSIT*

(In the cemetery of the Basilica of San Francesco, at Assisi.)

*In this old graveyard graced with noble names  
Whose purport perished many a year ago,  
Whose strifes, ambitions, fancies, hopes, and fames  
Are laid in dust impenetrably prone,  
Some stones are set unlettered and unknown  
Marked only by the simplest Cross of Christ:  
These tell of bodies planted here below  
Whose goal is gained, whose souls are greatly priced—  
Serving their God, simplicity sufficed.*

GORELL.

# LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

## THE PLIGHT OF FRANCE

Mr. Werth's sixth volume on contemporary France is by far the largest and most important of the series. With nearly eight hundred closely printed pages it is a miracle of cheapness. Excellent studies of the Third and Fourth Republic have appeared in recent years, but nowhere can be found such a mass of first-hand information on the fortunes of our nearest neighbour since the German armies swept over the country like a tidal wave in the spring of 1940. The moral collapse—no less amazing than the material catastrophe—was enough to make those sturdy patriots Gambetta, Clemenceau and Poincaré, turn in their graves. It is a dramatic story, for the decline of a state which had occupied the position of a Great Power for centuries cannot fail to be as absorbing as the record of its rise. The cause was partly biological. France with her stationary population had never recovered from the terrible haemorrhage of 1914-1918, and the war of 1939 was lost on the psychological plane before a shot was fired.

The first and longest of the six parts covers the Vichy years, on which most of the protagonists, among them Gamelin, Weygand and de Gaulle, Laval, Flandin and Paul Reynaud, have thrown a good deal of light. The octogenarian Pétain presents little difficulty to a portrait-painter—never a great man, never a strong man as we learned in 1917, reactionary in his politics, vain and limited, yet patriotic in his own way, neither pro-German nor anti-English; respected and admired by the majority of his countrymen as the Grand Old Man of France, he symbolised the prevailing mood of resignation and *attentisme*. Laval is a harder problem, and the chapters on that ugly little meridional are amongst the most interesting in the book. Though he said that he ardently desired a German victory, at heart he was no more pro-German than Pétain; like the weary old Marshal he was convinced that the Germans had won the war. The colossal miscalculation was based on his ignorance of the staying power of the British Commonwealth and his blindness to the probability that the United States would once again decisively intervene. His offence was an error of the head, not of the heart, and his execution was a judicial murder. He and Pétain were better men than the contemptible collaborators Déat and Doriot, Darnand and Darlan, and the raving royalist Charles Maurras who hated the Republic even more than the Boche.

Over against these faint-hearts stands the towering figure of General de Gaulle, who dominates the second section of the book. The war was lost, declared Pétain and the Vichyites. France, replied General de Gaulle, then little known to his countrymen, had lost a battle but not the war. The General is not a man to love, but the author does justice to his rare qualities. When the veteran soldiers Gamelin and Weygand lost their nerve he came forward and raised the banner of Resistance. Mr. Werth describes him as "a noble anachronism," the only monolithic figure in the recent history of France, whose *idée fixe* was the greatness of France. "The last Frenchman who made his countrymen believe that they were still a great nation" was the verdict of Mauriac. He could say without effrontery—what Clemenceau might have said long ago—"J'étais la France." We speak of "the Resistance," but the resisters were of many types. The Maquis went their own wild way, suffering fearful atrocities not only at the hands of the German invader but from Darnand and his thugs, and committing atrocities in return. There were also different groups of maquis, Communists and non-Communists, patriots and criminals. How many perished in that grim warfare we shall never know, nor how many collaborationists were liquidated in the purge after victory. Six figure totals have been given, but Mr. Werth thinks such estimates excessive. What is not in doubt is that streams of French blood were shed by Frenchmen in those dark months before some sort of internal order was restored.

When victory was in sight I remember asking a French Professor who would run

his country when the Germans were expelled. General de Gaulle, of course, he replied, and so it proved. It was his hour, but the hour was short. Like Clemenceau he was not made for team-work and compromise was not in him. *Aut Cæsar aut nullus.* He founded a movement which was to stand above and apart from all existing parties, but the edifice was built on sand. After his resignation it was widely believed, as he believed himself, that the political bankruptcy of the parties would sooner or later provoke an irresistible demand for his recall with the powers of an American President. I never shared this expectation, remembering how *Père la Victoire* was beaten by a mediocrity in 1920 when the old Tiger had exclaimed *On me porte à l'Élysée.* France has had enough of military autocrats, and Thiers' verdict *La république c'est ce qui nous divise le moins* is as true today as ever.

Part III, covering the years 1945-8, portrays France struggling to her feet after the withdrawal of the only superman in sight. The politicians fell below the level of events, and we are offered a dismal picture of moral and material confusion. There was little exhilaration, little pride, little self-confidence; defeat was a bitter memory and millions were rendered almost apathetic by their sufferings. Only a minority took an interest in the new constitution, for the political system of the Fourth Republic was likely to prove as ineffective as that of the Third. The insistent problem for every family was how to exist with rocketing prices and the transport system in ruins. Food shortages, writes Mr. Werth, food prices, black market scandals, and the successive Governments' incapacity to cope with all this absorbed in 1946 far more attention than the Constitution. The emergence of the Communists as the largest party in the Chamber revealed the mood of the workers, and the bourgeois parties, as usual, were at sixes and sevens. Governments rose and fell like waves on the beach, and the Blum Ministry only lasted a month. The Constitution had been slightly modified, but the national character was unchanged and public spirit, the acid test of democracy, was as weak as ever. The prevailing gloom was increased by the struggle in Indo-China, where France poured out her blood and treasure for years in a vain attempt to stem the tide of Asian nationalism. The only ray of light was shed by the Marshall Plan.

Part IV carries us through 1948-50, a period marked by *immobilisme*, a policy of drift. Mr. Werth has a very low opinion of Bidault, "one of the strangest and perhaps most tragic figures of the Fourth Republic." Schuman, with his "distressingly Germanic accent," was not popular. Blum and Herriot were past their prime, Paul Reynaud, one of the cleverest brains in the Chamber, had no party behind him, Queuille was uninspiring, Plevèn and René Mayer were mediocrities. The only point on which everyone was agreed was that France must at all costs avoid being dragged into war by alliances or commitments, all the more since her army is fully occupied overseas.

Part V, dealing with 1951-3, opens with an analysis of the main parties which forms one of the most instructive chapters of the book. The author's sympathies may be described as Left Centre, and he seems to dislike the Extreme Right more than the Communists. Most workers in France (by which of course he means urban workers) are more or less pro-Communists; since one in four electors votes for them they cannot be dismissed as merely traitors and stooges. The Socialists have completely shed their revolutionary tradition, and though they still claim to be a working-class party they have only a small working-class following. Doctrine, declares Mr. Werth, means less to them than to almost anybody else. They represent the *petit bourgeois* element and are described as essentially a government party, a verdict confirmed by the formation of the Guy Mollet Ministry. There is little practical difference between them and the Radicals; both of them are anti-clerical, and no party is more violently anti-Communist. The idealism of Jaurès has gone long ago, but it supplied the Fourth Republic with a useful President in Vincent Auriol.

The M.R.P., or Christian Democrats, have moved steadily towards the Right,

partly owing to the settled hostility of the Left and Left Centre to the Church Schools. The peak of General de Gaulle's popularity is over, and the Gaullist group in the Chamber is now merely an element in the ranks of the Right. The Radicals, between the wars the strongest party in France, have declined in numbers and are split between the Mendès-France progressives and the more conservative followers of Faure. The Right, not a party but a grouping of parties, found a standard-bearer in Pinay, a small industrialist who describes himself as "Mr. Consumer" and promised to stabilise prices. Mr. Werth describes him as sensible and unexciting, one of the very rare politicians of the Fourth Republic who managed to acquire genuine popularity with wide sections of the public. The "Pinay experiment," like all similar ventures, was short-lived, and prices continued to rise till France became one of the most expensive countries in Europe.

The later portion of this gigantic volume is dominated by the striking figure of M. Mendès-France, described as one of the few outstanding statesmen whom France has produced in the last twenty years. He had missed a call to the helm in 1953 by a few votes. He had long been regarded with admiration by some, with apprehension by others, with indifference by none; for he had fully explained his programme of peace in Indo-China, concessions in North Africa, and economic reforms at home. Had the vote gone the other way, comments Mr. Werth, the fatal error of deposing the Sultan of Morocco would scarcely have occurred. If the politicians of the Fourth Republic have little to be proud of in their domestic record, their failure in the French Empire has been far worse. When Mendès-France at last took office in the spring of 1954, terminated the Indo-China war and inaugurated a new era in Tunisia, friends and foes agreed that France, after the long reign of *immobilisme*, had found a captain at last. "Your courage and vitality," wrote Winston Churchill, "have given me an impression of French leadership which I had not sustained since the days of Clemenceau." No French statesman had won such instant and nation-wide popularity—not only by what he did but by what he was believed capable of doing in the financial and economic field—since General de Gaulle at the time of the Liberation. The fate of Ministries, however, is decided by the Chamber, not by public opinion; after a brilliant innings of eight months his enemies, political and personal, led by Bidault and the Christian Democrats, brought him down. His record, comments Mr. Werth, remains perhaps the most memorable one in the history of the Fourth Republic.

The postscript written at the opening of 1956 gloomily foretells for the world—with Africa and Asia in a state of revolt—an epoch not more restful than the precarious peace of the last ten years. "And France is sure to have her share of trouble—probably more than her share." M. Poujade, who is dismissed as a noisy demagogue, though hardly a political portent, is a symptom of nation-wide malaise. Mr. Werth will not expect every reader to agree with all his verdicts, but no one is likely to close this massive volume without a feeling of gratitude for such a mass of first-hand information presented in a very readable form.

G. P. GOOCH

*France 1940-1955.* By Alexander Werth. Robert Hale. 35s.

### SOVIET AFFAIRS

All students of Russia are indebted to the Royal Institute of International Affairs for its *Soviet Documents on Foreign Policy* published under the able editorship of Jane Degras. This series dealt in three volumes with the actions of the Soviet Government from 1917 to 1941. Mrs. Degras now starts a second series dealing with the activities of the Third or Communist International (Comintern for short), which was the instrument of Soviet policy for influencing the "masses" and directing the Communist parties abroad. The Comintern was founded in March, 1919, at a time when Lenin firmly believed that the revolution he had succeeded in inflaming in Russia would spread to central and western Europe. There undoubtedly

was a danger of a Communist revolution in Germany, but between that country and Russia an independent Poland was reborn. From the Communist point of view it was indispensable to destroy this "barrier," which was the reason behind the Soviet-Polish War, started early in 1919 by the Red Army and concluded by the Polish victory of August, 1920. Europe was saved and Lenin commented in a conversation with Klara Zetkin: "In the Red Army the Poles saw enemies, not brothers and liberators. The revolution in Poland on which we counted did not take place." The Fourth Congress of the Comintern met in Moscow in November, 1922, and Lenin addressed it somewhat pessimistically, speaking of a retreat sometimes inevitable and adding that the Russian and foreign Communists should now "sit down and study." They would probably still be sitting down and studying had not Germany started the 1939-1945 war and destroyed Poland's independence which it was also a German interest to preserve.

This collection of Comintern documents is far from satisfactory which, however, is not Mrs. Degras' fault. She was able to collect from different, mainly Russian and German sources, only published material, but many of the most important documents remained, of course, confidential, as was the correspondence between the Moscow headquarters and the member parties. The documents are well translated and each is preceded by a useful explanatory note. Great importance attaches in this kind of work to the index, but the present volume is inadequately served in this respect. Communist leaders are often mentioned by their pseudonyms while their real names are not given. As a rule, if their first names are indicated at all, it is merely by one initial. Many members of the executive committee of the Comintern are not indexed and where they are, the re-transcription of their names from Russian is bizarre. For instance, "Markhlevsky, Y." (indexed) should read "Marchlewski, Julian"; "Prukhniak" (not indexed) should read "Edward Prochniak (Sewer)," etc. All this should be corrected in the following volume which presumably will cover the period from 1923 to 1943.

Mrs. Margaret Dewar's book is described as "the first detailed study of labour policy in the U.S.S.R. during the crucial formative period." But the 1917-28 period was mainly one of a struggle for power and of propaganda, while the real labour policy started later, with the beginning of industrialisation. Although Mrs. Dewar mentions the manifesto of the Central Executive Committee of October 15, 1927, she does not point out that on that day the Soviet Government replaced the seven-day week of eight-hour days, decreed on November 11, 1917, by a six-day week of seven-hour days, which meant that instead of having Sunday as a day of rest, Soviet workers rested every sixth day. This was a means to combat unemployment which then was considerable. Mrs. Dewar is right in concluding that the position of the Soviet worker in 1928 was "still vastly inferior to that of the industrial worker in the west" but it was even more so in the following period. The "Stakhanovist" movement, the reintroduction of the seven-day week of eight-hour days, a draconian "labour discipline," the transformation of the *profssoyuzy* or trade unions into instruments of State coercion, the introduction of forced labour camps on a huge scale—all this came after 1928. Valuable, therefore, though Mrs. Dewar's book is as a pioneer study, we hope in due course there will follow a volume dealing with the later period.

K. M. SMOGORZEWSKI

*The Communist International 1919-1943: Documents*: Vol. I. Selected and edited by Jane Degras. Oxford University Press. 55s.  
*Labour Policy in the U.S.S.R. 1917-1928*. By Margaret Dewar. Royal Institute of International Affairs. 45s.

#### INDIA AND THE WEST

Towards the end of the eighteenth century the British, through the East India Company, had acquired a dominant position in the Government of India. Their objective was to maintain peace and to interfere as little as possible in the everyday life of the country, and so make things easy for business enterprise. By this time,

however, there had been an awakening in the moral conscience of Britain to the responsibility of the British Government to promote the well-being of the people of India. The movement took the form of missionary enterprise, unfortunately frowned on by the Government of India as likely to excite disaffection. What happened is described by Dr. Kenneth Ingham. His survey of developments covers the period from 1793 to 1833, the latter year being selected because it saw the renewal of the Company's Charter and, along with it, a clause permitting free entry of missionaries into India.

The attitude of the British Indian authorities towards Christian missionaries had varied from time to time during the period in question: some supported missionary effort; some were hostile. Meanwhile, several missionary societies had obtained a foothold in the sub-continent, for example, the Baptist, the Wesleyan, the London, the Scottish, the S.P.C.K., together with two or three foreign missions. There were many difficulties to be overcome in language and the acquisition of some knowledge of the creeds, in social life and the sacred writings of the various religious sects the missions proposed to attack. At the outset they made a bold effort to induce the Government to abolish *suttee*, the self-immolation of Hindu widows. It was not, however, until 1829 that the practice was legally abolished; meanwhile something had been done to check it. The missions were not able to improve the lot of Hindu widows; they did something for the untouchables; they stigmatised child-marriage, and reform in that respect lay nearly a century ahead. A good deal was done in the field of education: various languages were studied; grammars and dictionaries were produced, elementary school books written and some literary work undertaken. Caste was an impediment in the schools, and it was finally decided to ignore it. Another innovation was the setting up of printing presses which made possible the production of newspapers and periodicals. The work of the missions was, as Dr. Ingham remarks, on the whole popular in the period covered by his survey. Western culture had developed an impetus that carried it on for more than a century towards Indian independence. In this context may be quoted the opinion of a well-known professor, Humayan Kabir, expressed in a lecture the other day: "Perhaps," he says, "the greatest value of the Western contact was in loosening social prejudice and creating resilience in the Indian mind." This book points in the same direction.

On a broader canvas Dr. Radhakrishnan, a philosopher of world-wide reputation, sketches in three brilliant lectures, delivered at the McGill University in October, 1954, the relations, cultural, political and religious between East and West from the dawn of history to the present day. All the great religions, Christianity, Islam, Buddhism and the Chinese ethical systems, are examined dispassionately and with sympathy, and his discussion of the doctrinal developments of Christianity, especially in the Middle Ages, is thought-provoking. A survey of history, philosophy, and a brief notice of scientific progress follows.

In a short review only a few salient points may be referred to. Dr. Radhakrishnan observes in a vivid passage that "human thought is never a clear river: it generally carries a good deal of silt, and in India today there is much silt that requires to be removed. Superstition is widespread. There are many who still believe in spirits and goblins. Even educated Indians are not always aware of the spirit of their culture. Occupational differences have hardened into rigid castes. The practice of untouchability is an offence and a scandal to men of conscience. Many social forms are preserved though the flow of life has been arrested. India can keep alive only if she does not idolise her institutions which no longer embody her ideals. By the touch of the spirit we may make the stones alive. India today must take the risk of her own character." Would there be wide agreement, one wonders, among Muslims in India at the present time with the theory that the Hindus and Muslims of India share a common past in literature, art, social forms and traditions of religious tolerance?

Dr. Radhakrishnan quotes the resolution of the Indian National Congress adopted

on October 19, 1951: "It has been the aim and declared policy of the Congress since its inception to establish a secular democratic state which, while honouring every faith, does not discriminate against any religion or community, and gives equal rights and freedom of opportunity to all communities and individuals who form the nation." In this connection it may be observed that Christian Missions have had to face recently some harassment in India mainly from the reactionary section of the high caste Hindu Sabha. One may be sure that with leaders in the spiritual field of the calibre of Dr. Radhakrishnan Christian Missions will be given all reasonable facilities for carrying on their work. His book will, one feels, be widely read and appreciated as a notable contribution to the promotion of harmony between East and West.

WILLIAM P. BARTON

*East and West.* By S. Radhakrishnan. G. Allen & Unwin. 6s.

*Reformers in India.* By K. Ingham. Cambridge University Press. 18s.

#### WORLD INDIVISIBLE

How pleasant it would be if one could treat the question of European unification simply as a problem of metaphysics! Plato in his earlier manner would have enjoyed the task. He would have had Monistes, the champion of unification, scrapping with Autocrator, the champion of nationalism, with Socrates holding the ring and stultifying both. We would have had an enumeration of the attributes held in common by the different countries in Europe as well as of those held by one or more, but not by all; and we would have reached by deduction a general Europeanity or idea of Europe which, we would have been told, must by no means be confused with the Europe we see on the map or from an aircraft. We would not have known at the end whether the concept was a particularly valuable one; but there would have been no question-begging—no tacit assumption that there must be such a thing as a valid Europeanism.

Fortunately the books here under review require no answers to the question whether the differences between the European States are more or less important than the common elements. Two of the books are written from an entirely practical point of view. The collection of speeches by Dr. Adenauer seems from internal evidence to have been designed to show that with him Europe comes first; if one reads a little between the lines it becomes clear that he is a nationalist politician, which after all is not necessarily the same thing—though there is nothing blame-worthy about it. With Dr. Adenauer, as with every statesman, it is necessary to distinguish between the means and the end, and to be sure which is which. It cannot be said that this collection will notably help the reader in this direction. It largely represents Dr. Adenauer as concerned with Europe rather than with Germany, relying heavily on the *présence américaine* in Europe. None the less, Dr. Adenauer is a nationalist where reunification is concerned, and this is the great end of his policy—a fact which remains true despite the vagueness of his claims under that head. A more comprehensive selection would have made this clearer. A recent speech openly refers to the Russian system as a "deadly enemy." This speech was made much too late to be included in the present collection; but it is a pity that the selection does not range rather more widely; there would have been room for analogous sentiments. It must be added that the book is inadequately edited. There is no indication of the date and place of the different items; still less any mention of the political background.

It would be wrong to impute deliberate dishonesty to Dr. Adenauer; he may be genuinely convinced that a western European harmony matters more than the eventual reunification of Germany. The more realistic view seems to be that such harmony as is being established in western Europe is based on a practical *interessen-gemeinschaft* such as is described in *Britain in Western Europe*. The subtitle states what really matters: "Western European Union and the Atlantic Alliance." Since the collapse of the European Defence Community the purely military aspect of its substitute, the Western European Union, has come out more clearly. The change is

one for the better. If the European Defence Community had become a reality it would eventually have become a military agglomeration centred round western (or reunited) Germany and the danger would always have existed that the tail would wag the dog. What appears obvious to the eye of commonsense is that the entire system is meaningless unless the United States continues to look on western Europe as part of its defensive system against the possibility of Russian aggression. The study group which is the author of this painstaking report is clearly worried about this. Apart from this, it is plain that the Western European Union is meaningless, unless Great Britain is prepared to play, and play unremittingly, its part within the Union. It is doubtful whether the contribution of four divisions is adequate; and there can be very little doubt at all that, if this commitment does in fact represent the limit of the British contribution, the entire system will fall under German control once the twelve divisions are a trained and armed reality.

Yet it would be a mistake to insist on a purely materialist attitude; or rather to insist that the only form of international co-operation is one looking towards short-term and practical objectives. There are other forms of association than purely military ones. This is one of the points brought out, if largely by implication, in the able series of lectures by Mr. Lester Pearson, the Secretary of State for External Affairs of Canada, published under the title of *Democracy in World Politics*. The war showed that Hitler's epithet of effete was the least appropriate to apply to democracy as a way for running a State. Mr. Pearson deals candidly with the weaknesses which admittedly beset the democratic way of political life. But he also shows its strength. A book which should be compulsory reading for hasty pessimists.

The collection of essays presented to Sir Lewis Namier is self-evidently a different type of work from those discussed. It is like those garlands used to decorate honoured guests in India: each of a number of able historians writing on his chosen subject has contributed a bloom. This work does show that, for all its great difficulties, the study of history is a practicable discipline; whence it may be inferred that attempts to grapple with its problems, like those made in the earlier books here reviewed, need not be vain.

W. H. JOHNSTON

*World Indivisible*. By Konrad Adenauer. Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.

*Britain in Western Europe*. A Report by a Study Group of the Royal Institute of International Affairs. 7s. 6d.

*Democracy in World Politics*. By Lester B. Pearson. Princeton University Press and Oxford University Press. 15s.

*Essays presented to Sir Lewis Namier*. Edited by Richard Pares and A. J. P. Taylor. Macmillan. 36s.

### LATIN AMERICA

The title of Mr. Schurz's book is, perhaps, misleading, for it tends to confirm the idea so many people have of Latin America—that it is a new world, notwithstanding any recollection they may have of the exploits of Cortes and Pizarro. Yet, of course, Latin America is no new world at all. Back beyond the mists of time, before it became Latin, there flourished there considerable civilisations, unparalleled in parts of the world sometimes thought to be less new, such as the United States and Canada. And, after all, Columbus made his famous voyage within a decade of the Battle of Bosworth. Cortes was vanquishing the Aztecs while a year had still to run before Henry VIII met Francis I amid the splendours of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Considerable churches, with services fully supported by choir and organ, were to be found in Latin America (and they stand today) years before the sailing of the *Mayflower*. For Spain and Portugal held sway in America for more than three centuries, a longer period than the course of the British Empire has yet run. So Latin America is indeed no new world, a fact which, despite its title, Mr. Schurz amply demonstrates in his book; for in it he considers the elements that over time have become fused to form the Latin America we know today—the climatic and

geographical environment; the Indian, Spaniard and Portuguese; the Negro; the Church. The influence of all these elements endures to the present time although its presence is usually overlooked when Latin America comes before the British public eye. This influence of history accounts in some degree for the present restlessness in Argentina, which is a reflection of the traditional antipathy between Buenos Aires and the provinces; for the regional jealousies which so often affect the political and economic progress of Brazil; for the revolution that took place in Mexico in the recent past, and the similar if less violent changes taking place in Bolivia now. It accounts, too, for the adventurousness with which the Latin Americans, with the aid of foreign capital, have lately increased the pace of economic development, as in Colombia, now possessor of a modern steelworks, and as in neighbouring Venezuela, where iron ore has suddenly grown to spectacular proportions as a source of national wealth.

Such are some of the contemporary political and economic symptoms of a history that Mr. Schurz skilfully shows Latin America to possess. If his book is open to any criticism it is that his treatment of his subject is such that a non-specialist reader might find it difficult to identify the Spanish-American republics individually. For all that, this is a valuable and welcome work—even if its appearance is one more reminder that the provision of enlightenment on Latin America is nowadays the largely exclusive preserve of United States authors and publishers; this book is a reprint of a work originally published there.

N. P. MACDONALD

*This New World: The Civilisation of Latin America.* By William Lytle Schurz. George Allen & Unwin. 25s.

### AMERICA THIRTY YEARS AGO

"What could be more superlative than the inside of the Congressional Library? It really is the most perfect interior of a building I have ever seen." This rhapsody by the creator of Sherlock Holmes may stand as the high point of admiration for things American amongst British writers of the 'twenties. (It is as if Mr. Raymond Chandler were to fall in love with the Albert Memorial.) From this Everest of appreciation Mr. Knoles has patiently and good-humouredly followed the long descent of British critics of the United States down to the preposterous depths of Joad's *Babbit Warren* (whose author boasted of never having visited the country he so roundly condemns). *The Jazz Age Revisited* is a study of the British travellers and observers who wrote about the America of the 'twenties. Mr. Knoles has explored almost a hundred works devoted to this large theme, sifted them, appraised them, combed them for the significant comment, complimentary or insulting, and endeavoured to form some general estimate of the impression left by these authors upon the British mind.

The 'twenties was not the finest decade of the Republic's history. Prohibition, Harding, Coolidge, War Debts, the Dayton Trial, Sacco and Vanzetti, the Boom and the Crash—these are the images that the period still evokes and these were the features that made the greatest impact upon the British observers of the period. Harsh criticism was therefore to be expected from the honest reporters of the American scene. What is depressing about this collection (though the author generously stops short of saying so) is the low level of perception and information that characterises the great majority of the books cited. Travellers almost all packed their prejudices with their luggage before they even embarked at Southampton and found no reason to change them when they re-embarked at New York. There are no Bryces, no Brogans in this decade—not a single writer who has really paid America the compliment of making it an object of study, let his conclusions be favourable or otherwise. At its most fortunate the continent becomes the target of a gay charade, like Linklater's *Juan in America*, or an ironical soufflé like Woodruff's *Plato's American Republic*. There were a few serious and balanced, but pretty unexciting observers, like J. A. Spender or Walter George. Of such books by far

the best, thirty years after, is G. K. Chesterton's *What I Saw in America*. But *Jesting Pilate* will not rank high amongst the Silver Age products of Aldous Huxley's youth, nor would the admirers of John Galsworthy claim a great place for *Addresses in America* or *Another Sheaf*. This decade was, quite simply, a low point in literary Anglo-American relations as in every other kind.

Nevertheless this study was well worth doing and Mr. Knoles has done it well. It is readable and diverting. The author is always sensible and frequently penetrating in his comments. His own good manners remain unruffled by the company he has elected to keep and his own standards of accuracy remain unimpaired by the lapses of his sources. I have encountered only one minor error—the attribution to Professor Gilbert Murray of that knighthood which his services so richly merit, but which as a niggling point of historical detail, he has never in fact been accorded.

H. G. NICHOLAS

- The Jazz Age Revisited*. By George Harmon Knoles. Stanford University Press and Oxford University Press. 24s.

#### THE GROWTH OF THE R.A.F.

Few Air Force officers have had so varied an experience in all branches of the service as Sir John Slessor. Beginning at the age of seventeen as a pilot in the Royal Flying Corps and ending his active career as the Chief of the Air Staff, he crammed into the intervening years an almost bewildering variety of appointments in active command and on the Staff. *The Central Blue* is an account of these activities up to the end of the 1939-1945 war. Lucidly and incisively written, it will be a valuable work of reference for the student of the events leading up to the outbreak of the war, for the author was head of the Plans Branch at the Air Ministry during the years 1937-1940, when Hitler's warlike intentions were becoming clear and when the expansion of our armed defences, and especially of the Royal Air Force, ever lagged behind that of Nazi Germany and internal political considerations took precedence over military needs.

The author has succeeded in bringing out very clearly the feeling of frustration under which the staffs of the services suffered during those dark days, during which they were convinced that war was inevitable and close, but the measures to meet the threat were always implemented in too grudging a measure and too late. To the Air Staff, the problem was a particularly difficult one, for modern air war, even by the standards of those pre-1939 days, was something never yet experienced on a full scale. The only modern examples of the use of air power in war were those of the Italo-Abyssinian and Spanish Civil wars (of which latter conflict Hitler took advantage to blood his brand-new *Luftwaffe*) and neither was applicable to the conditions of a total war waged between highly industrialised powers within easy striking distance of each other's homeland. Inevitably, there were miscalculations, the actuality differed from what had been expected, the reaction of civilian populations under heavy air bombardment was vastly different from what had been foreseen. But, on the whole, the Air Staff appreciation was singularly accurate and their recommendations as to types and numbers of aircraft required proved well-founded and opportune. Reading Sir John Slessor's account of those pre-war days, one is reminded with surprise how many of the organisations and devices which became a commonplace during the next few years had then not yet come into existence or were in a very rudimentary stage in their development. Radar was in its infancy and all its manifold applications to bombing and submarine-hunting techniques were not yet thought of, still less the counter-measures against it which the operational research scientists evolved. To them the author gives full credit for the important part they played in this highly technical conflict.

The latter half of the book deals with the writer's wartime employments, which included appointments in command of a bomber group, as an Assistant Chief of the Air Staff, as Commander-in-Chief of Coastal Command, on which he has written some of his most interesting and valuable chapters, and as deputy to the Allied Air

Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, the American, General Ira Eaker. In these days, when the NATO system of international commands has become a commonplace and when it has been found possible for officers drawn from thirteen different allied nations to work together smoothly as a combined staff, it is interesting to have a picture of the working of an integrated allied staff, when such a system was in its infancy. As the author says: "As war becomes more complex, and as modern methods of communication lead to theatres of war expanding to cover whole continents and oceans, the organization for command automatically tends to increase in complexity." And, as the complexity increases, so does the need for the personalities at all levels, but especially at the top, to strive to respect each other's difficulties and to make allowances for the inevitable difference of organization and outlook among forces of different nationality and training. There were instances in the last war when near-disasters occurred owing to the absence of such understanding, but fortunately the partners in the Mediterranean theatre were what the writer calls "reasonable people" and, as a result, the air forces were able to play a full and telling part in Africa, and in the drive up through Italy and France. All in all, this is a valuable book, though it will appeal more to the war historian and the staff officer than to the general reader.

DOUGLAS COLYER

*The Central Blue.* By Sir John Slessor. Cassell. 30s.

#### ASPECTS OF CHRISTIANITY

The Dean of Exeter has given his book an accurately descriptive title, yet "focus" may have for some people a coldly detached and scholarly sound which would be quite misleading. There is scholarship in plenty, but between the very simply written lines. The plain fact is that these 160 pages should have the widest possible circulation. The thinking Christian can be puzzled by many things almost as much as can his doubting neighbour; both will receive considerable enlightenment from this book. The Dean, no doubt, wrote it in his study, a place often believed to be academically aloof; but its fundamental and consistent merit is that the world from which and for which it is written is the every day one the average citizen knows, and the Dean's starting point is always the thought which occurs to the average citizen. Conspicuous, though far from exceptional in this, are the chapters on History, on the Church, and on Propaganda and Advertisement. Too many religious people owe allegiance to one or other form of religious dictatorship, and some lesser scientists still profess that religion and science are irreconcilable. Also belonging to yesterday is the conflict threatened more recently between religion and psychology in the first rush of its modern eruption (and which had anyhow always seemed something of a mock battle to those who realised that Christ and St. Paul had forgotten more about what we now call psychology than is known to the professionals); but many people are puzzled to believe there is God behind the unfolding of history. The Dean shows admirably how He is working His purpose out through us, despite our many failures.

The chapter on the Church begins with a careless young couple, Jack and Jill, who are visiting a church simply as an ancient monument, and refers to "three-wheelers" (people who come for Baptism, Marriage and Burial, but at no other time) in the process of showing, by a consideration of its services and liturgy, the essential things the Church is actually doing in the world. The man, and he is a battalion if not indeed a legion, who says the Church should be "more up to date" and make more use of propaganda and advertisement will find himself confronted with an acute study of just what is the purpose and the point of impact of the advertisements he sees around him all day, and will then be asked by the author to consider with him just what it is that the Church has to offer and then, but not till then, how best to advertise it. Many other matters are studied, always starting from the average man's world, always with the same common sense downrightness and always showing the overruling hand of God in our earthly concerns and prob-

lems. Few readers will find this an easy book to put down unfinished.

One of the chief needs of contemporary society is to examine the exact meaning of many terms it so glibly uses: democracy, money, incentives, standards of living, and so on; and in *Some Christian Words* the Dean of St. Paul's states and explains the meaning of some other words in daily use and not only by Christians: holy, forgiveness, sin, heaven, hell. Many of these have lost all reality to most people, and the Dean's brief and simple new expounding does good service. If the style occasionally shows that these were talks written for broadcasting, not for reading, the little book is none the worse for that. Its contents are a real contribution to badly-needed knowledge.

Dr. Graham Scroggie's *Method in Prayer* takes the several aspects of prayer—confession, adoration, intercession, etc.—and, in a small compass, studies them in detail. His intention is to help people deepen their own prayer life; but to do so along his lines would seem to postulate both an abundance of time and an attitude of mind not common in our day, and in fact this book is the revised edition of an original published some forty years ago. Alan Redpath is a prophet not without honour in some circles in the U.S.A., and his *Victorious Christian Living* is good old-fashioned exhortation based on a study of the Book of Joshua. But it seems unlikely to be acceptable or profitable to those who cannot concur in the opening passage of the author's own Foreword: "Every page [of the Bible], from the opening verses of Genesis to the closing verses of Revelation is, of course, both historically and scientifically accurate."

JOHN HALET

*Christian Focus*. By A. R. Wallace, Dean of Exeter. Hodder & Stoughton. 10s. 6d.  
*Some Christian Words*. By W. R. Matthews, Dean of St. Paul's. George Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.

*Method in Prayer*. By W. Graham Scroggie. Pickering & Inglis. 6s.

*Victorious Christian Living*. By Alan Redpath. Pickering & Inglis. 15s.

### HERRICK AND HYMNARY

Robert Herrick had a quite buoyant confidence in his own posthumous fame as a poet, and his shade would, one imagines, approve this sumptuous and beautiful volume. (Though it might seem to him a bit late a-coming). For this is the first really adequate and complete edition of Herrick, comprehensively and authoritatively introduced and supported by critical notes and commentary. It includes, in addition to the "Hesperides" and "Noble Numbers" of 1648, some further poems which there is strong evidence for attributing to Herrick, and also the poet's letters written, while up at Cambridge, to his uncle, Sir William Herrick.

The first thing which strikes the reader straight through of these poems is that Herrick should not thus be taken neat. At his ravishing, intoxicating best, he is, and will remain, unsurpassed. But if it is true to say, as Mr. Martin does, that Herrick wrote many kinds of poetry, it is still more true that he wrote a great mass of repetitive and derivative work. The excuse sometimes used by his admirers—that Herrick's remote Devonshire vicarage was, in fact, banishment from the stimulating essential to a poet—will not, really, do. There is a whole tradition to the contrary, right down to our own R.S. Thomas—also a priest—whose profoundly spiritual poetry, with its piercing vision and flinty base, comes out of the remote Welsh countryside. A touch, here and there, of the pseudo, the contrived, the artificial, suggest rather that Herrick—though almost he had persuaded himself—was not a pastoral poet by endowment. Yet this collected edition reveals beyond doubt that his was not a poetry primarily of the intellect, either. When he tries his hand at the epigram, for instance, as he too frequently does, he usually fails, sometimes distressingly.

What, then, is the particular quality in Herrick's best poetry which has still such power to ravish and possess us? To a great degree, it is his consummate playing on technique. If one pushes aside the delicate, tenuous and often superficial thought embodied in the poems and examines the structure underlying it, one frequently

discovers an almost musicianly score of unusual beats and stresses, a subtle power of surprise—"shock" would be too strong a word—in the placing of interior harmonies. In the best of Herrick, where poetic inspiration matches in quality this craftsmanship, there is enchantment. And to those who may sigh that, too often, it does not so match, the answer is, surely, that had it done so, Herrick would rank as a major poet. His poems are songs of innocence—for the touch of grossness, not to say lewdness, is that of emotional immaturity—without benefit of poems of profound experience to follow.

There are occasional surprises, though. "The Cheat of Cupid" with its ghostly farewell:

Adieu, mine host, Adieu,  
Ile leave thy heart a dying

reads almost like an ingenuous forerunner of Walter de la Mare. It is the same with the "Noble Numbers." Pages and pages of facile sententiousness, and then the reader will suddenly be dazzled by the exquisite "His Letanie, to the Holy Spirit." Anglican worshippers, who are accustomed to singing part of this poem as a hymn, will be interested in its full version, given here. Mr. Martin's book is a necessity for all who take English poetry seriously. As a sort of companion to it, though, could he be persuaded to collect in one small volume just the few first-rate of these poems? Earlier selections have not fulfilled this condition, and it would be good to have a Herrick just for joy.

It was an original and pleasant idea of Mr. Ingram and Mr. Newton to make an anthology of hymns to be read as poetry. Taken out of their cluttered context and background of print and tune, and planted out separately in this attractive volume, the poetry does indeed emerge freshly—and in some cases most unexpectedly. True, there is much pedestrian rhyming also. But, as the compilers suggest, the English metrical hymn comes as near to forming a folk-literature as anything in the language. And a popular literature does usually mean fluctuations of level. Many hymns which in the various hymnals have been cut are here restored in full. Also, where the poet's original wording has been watered down, this has now been rectified also, often with startling effect.

The chronological arrangement of the hymns forms a useful guide-rope to some aspects of Church history, if one follows closely. It also indicates and underlines the continuity of our hymn-writing tradition, from Thomas Campion to Wesley and beyond, down to the modern revival hymn. The compilers' lively and witty introduction contains a good deal of unobtrusive scholarship, and one will hope to hear more from them, on their chosen study.

LOVEDAY MARTIN

*The Poetical Works of Robert Herrick.* Edited by L. C. Martin. Oxford University Press. £3 3s.

*Hymns as Poetry.* An anthology compiled by Tom Ingram and Douglas Newton. Constable. 25s.

### NOVELS

Imaginative reconstructions of the distant past are seldom altogether successful. If we go back to pre-history, the grunting stone-age man is inevitably something of a beast and a bore. Even in Hellenic times ways of life and habits of thought were so different from ours that it is difficult to think of the Ancient Greeks, though we know so much about them, as ordinary men and women like ourselves; still less easy is it to bring them to life as characters in a novel. All the same Mr. George Baker, with scholarship and imagination and the help of Homer, in *The Last Shore* illuminated for us the Trojan War and now, in *No Man Sings*, Alexander Krislov succeeds in bringing fabled Sappho to life as a passionate and tragic woman of genius. A comparable biographical novel that treats of the poetic mind is Isobel Macdonald's *The Buried Self* about the young Matthew Arnold. Each book, by a kind of inspired guess-work, sketches in both the emotional and the factual backgrounds behind the so different love poems, Lesbian and Victorian. Alexander Krislov obviously has to guess a deal harder but once we accept the psychological patterns he commis-

himself to we suspend disbelief. His heroine is more than just an ardent blue-stocking with a dash of suffragette, even if we can see her queening it in a Bloomsbury salon. We follow her emotional development from the idealistic—little more than an aesthetic admiration for pallid ninnies—to a deeper, more disturbing eroticism. Only the nature of her *rapport* with famed Alceaus is left a trifle vague. The relationship between The State and The Arts in Mitylene and Syracuse provides a stimulating intellectual background. Here, we can believe, is burning Sappho—though the fate now reserved for her, varying the legendary suicide, may seem gratuitous rather than inevitable.

Mr. Robert Liddell in *Watering Place*, in the exquisite little sketch he called "Old Nick," wrote with affectionate irony and tenderness about an elderly Quaker lady. Helen Corse Barney's *A Wilderness to Conquer* is of a coarser literary weave but it is none-the-less an inspiring saga of the Friends in America in the early, heroic days. This is unashamedly a 'good book'—if you like, Quaker propaganda—but the tale of simple, God-fearing folk in a new land has an epic quality. Helen Barney's slaves come to life as pathetic victims of man's inhumanity to man and her Red Indians are authentic primitive people. The lives of her Quakers, straight if sometimes narrow, show how the soul is enriched by living close to God. The piety of her book is leavened by humour: "Some people talked big and long about their sin . . . and Sarah thought if they were as bad as all that they ought to keep shut about it." Still we are tempted into spiritual exhibitionism—and may best be delivered from it by a child-like candour.

John Metcalfe's *My Cousin Geoffrey* sets out as a realistic novel and implausibly hints at other worldly intervention at the end. It is a pre-war family chronicle but also a study in obsession, with black magic as a sinister minor theme, and the parts do not cohere. People jump like clowns through hoops but the author does not seem fond enough of his characters to persuade us to mind very much what happens to them. *The Black Virgin of the Gold Mountain* by Phyllis Hastings is a novelettish but not unmoving conte about a feckless English artist with wife trouble whom we encounter foot-loose but scarcely fancy-free in the mountains of Auvergne. The black virgin is an ancient sacred relic that plays an appropriate near miraculous, part in a neat, surprise ending. This is Zola and water turning to thick-ear thriller half-way. One accepts Phyllis Hastings' peasants as caricatures of the real thing and her hero, who could so easily have been a stock lay figure, emerges, somewhat surprisingly, as a rather pathetic human being hovering reluctantly on the brink of middle age.

The state of the post-war German novel is neither morbid nor moribund if we may judge from *The Great Temptation*, by Hans Kades, which has been translated into limpид and moving English prose by E.E. Ashton. This tale of a potentially great surgeon who, rich in experience but not in qualifications after the war years, 'jumps the gun' of his Medical Finals, both convinces and inspires. The bitterness of the post-war generation in Germany—the soul's aftermath of the holocaust of Hitler—is shown here as cathartic and already challenged by a resurgent idealism. The drawing of the straight, defiant Hilde is both touching and profound; that of the hero's rich, promiscuous mistress, ruthlessly convincing. The trial scene is as exciting as the end of a Perry Mason 'whodunit' yet enriched by profound human implications. A benign, ironic humour imparts throughout a sense of proportion. No trace here of the sentimentality and debased romanticism that is liable, if less often than French critics suggest, to flaw German writing.

LUKE PARSONS

*No Man Sings.* By Alexander Krislov. Longmans. 13s. 6d.

*A Wilderness to Conquer.* By Helen Corse Barney. Bannisdale Press. 9s. 6d.

*My Cousin Geoffrey.* By John Metcalfe. Macdonald. 15s.

*The Black Virgin of the Gold Mountain.* By Phyllis Hastings. Dent. 15s.

*The Great Temptation.* By Hans Kades. Angus & Robertson. 12s. 6d.

## BOOKS ON THE TABLE

Only now, three months after, is the experience of a first visit to Greece beginning to emerge from trance-like mists of incredulity and delight. Only now is an involuntary reticence, the hiatus of numbness and dumbness, being bridged,

And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

This awakening to life as it was before is accompanied by the same old thirst for all things of the ancient world; reality cannot slake and imagination roams the freer—among British Museum marbles and vases, or modern goat-hair rugs or graceful wooden ladies, from tales of gods to travel books.

### Nosto algos

For pandering to joys remembered or anticipatory, *INTRODUCING GREECE* (*Methuen*. 21s.) can be unreservedly recommended. Francis King—contributing a wise and witty general Introduction of advice and admonition to those who seek “foremost an unparalleled landscape and unparalleled inhabitants”—edits this collection of well-illustrated studies by seven authorities (one of them Robert Liddell) whose region is Athens or Attica, the Peloponnese or the Aegean, Thessaly or Thrace, Crete or the Ionian islands. Their unhampered views are very much their own; food and transport are not sacrificed to history, nor customs and character to art and architecture, and their panorama of a country so dispersed in area and ancestry shows unity and diversity, contrasts and comparisons, and a veracity that springs from their inner knowledge and common standard of taste. And as we read, still the wonder grows: that these same eyes have watched the sun bounce out of the sea as a cock crowed in the old City and the ship glided between the high-piled banks of the Corinth Canal; that we have stood in almost painful silence in the heart of the pagan world at Delphi; that the hillsides were so covered in wild flowers of every hue; that the tiered stones of Epidaurus have held us listening to Sir John Sheppard's dis-

course on the plays of Aeschylus; that the dancers, circling follow-my-leader, were swirling their embroidered costumes in the beautiful gardens of the Austrian Empress Elizabeth's ugly Achillaeum on Corfu; that the mule-back ascent of Santorini's volcanic cliff was really accomplished; that *I have actually been to Troy*.

### Byzantine and Ottoman

But now we were in Turkey, and Constantinople's skyline was to burst upon our senses as we steamed along the Bosphorus. And that same evening's walk along the byways, up cobbled hills, between the grinding trams, and over the Golden Horn's bridges (with texts from the Koran strung in electric lights between the minarets in the season of Ramadan, and a floodlighting that turned the mosques to lace and the rest to fantasy) aroused afresh the regret that Robert Liddell's *BYZANTIUM AND ISTANBUL* (*Jonathan Cape*. 25s.), tardy in publication, was not one of the books under the bunk. Fortunately, as it now seems—because it is not for hasty dips nor is it a mere guide to Turkey, even though it has been a great filler-in of gaps in knowledge since, and has magnificent photographs. It merits long reading, and receives engrossment, as Mr. Liddell gives a clear enough picture of what it was like to live in Constantine's Christian town when at the end of the fifth century it had become “the heir both of Greece and Rome.” The stronghold which had repelled Avars, Arabs, Persians, Bulgarians and Russians was handed over, the author quotes, “to six centuries of barbarism by the crime of the Fourth Crusade.” But he has no use for popular disparagement of the Turkish conquest; it “replaced a dying empire by a younger and more vital people”; yet he shares our sadness that in modern Turkey, busily getting ahead and rather raucously saying so, St. Sophia is symbolizing the fate of Istanbul: it “is now neither mosque nor church, but a museum.” There is much to learn of mosque and church from

Mr. Liddell, of the walls and of secular monuments, of 'the Grand Turk's seraglio' (which it is slyly noted the men of the party could hardly wait to visit), of more than the maps of Bosphorus, Horn and Marmara, of the fabulous Covered Bazaars, and of the atmosphere that fascinates, inspiring superstitious fear. "So splendid, and so squalid," he says; "so immortal, and so dead." He finds it one of the most beautiful cities, of the most interesting, of the most unpleasant. Whatever its lasting impressions on other travellers are, interpretation of facts and feelings will be all the more trustworthy if referred to Mr. Liddell's surveillance in this treasureable book.

### **Painting the ancient world**

To one who has so lately paid respects to the sarcophagus of Alexander the Great, there is a poignancy in Joseph Landon Smith's return to Constantinople (already known as Istanbul) in 1930, to find that his paintings of thirty years before, hanging at home in the Boston Museum, were no longer exact copies of the bas-reliefs because the original colourings were gone. He tells of this in *TOMBS, TEMPLES AND ANCIENT ART* (*University of Oklahoma Press*. \$5.00), a volume assembled and edited by his wife, Corinna Landon Smith, from his copious rough notes for innumerable lectures, and from a nearly-completed manuscript. He died in 1950 at the age of eighty-six, and for more than half a century his life and career had been associated with "the classical past—Egypt, Mesopotamia, Iran, Greece, Turkey, Italy, Japan, China, Indo-China, Siam, and Java—and of the Maya of Honduras, Guatemala, and Yucatan." He refers to himself "as an artist with perhaps some small gifts for literal detail," but readers who will pore over the many reproductions of his work in these pages will agree with the leader of the Giza Pyramid expedition in 1898 who said: "Each painting is an archaeological record correct in details, but beautiful as a picture." Lucky in being young at a time when exciting "finds" were catching the world's

attention, Joseph Landon Smith and his wife went 'tombing' with Flinders Petrie (a dedicated stoic) and others of like stature, drew unceasingly, and explored wherever archaeology could gain a foothold. It is to be hoped that Britain, where the subject has gained such tremendous prestige (possibly with the charming connivance of Sir Mortimer Wheeler), will see the book soon published here, for it is autobiography at a high level—will cross the Atlantic well, is informal but not casual, talks shop without a boring line, caters to our respect for history and the classic past and communicates at the same time the zest for adventure Landon Smith found in all his travels.

### **Journeys in poetry**

"One can travel, in imagination at least, which is the most satisfactory kind of travelling," says James Laver in the last of the *ESSAYS BY DIVERS HANDS* (*Oxford University Press*. 15s.). This is Vol. XXVIII of the transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, edited with an Introduction by Angela Thirkell. Mr. Laver, being concerned with "the mystical allegories of all nations and all periods" in which the theme is the same: "Man is an exile, and he yearns to return to his home. He is engaged in a journey, and he longs to reach his goal," is very near in poetic feeling to the other essayists. They are headed by Duff Cooper whose final paper to the Society, "Keats and his Critics," this is. Then, a modern approach to the Gospels, Tennyson's influence on his times, the unacknowledged legislators, the poetry of Edward Thomas, the two worlds of Coleridge, John Evelyn, and Penelope Rich and poets from Philip Sidney to John Ford, are the other subjects discussed by E. V. Rieu, Viscount Esher, C. M. Woodhouse, C. Day Lewis, Louis Bonnerot, Guy Boas, and Cyril Falls.

The Professor of English Language and Literature at the University of Southampton, B.A. Wright, has textually edited and introduced, and prepared a glossary and select bibliography for, the new Everyman edition of *MILTON'S POEMS* (*J. M. Dent*. 7s.). There has

been no tampering with the poet's intention, only with the archaisms that hinder to-day's reader, and Professor Wright gives examples to show how much better are Milton's own than those modernized versions of the last two centuries. It is good to see here too the not always included "The Stationer to the Reader" which has been one of the joys of the tattered leather Milton on the shelf. This publisher's preface to the 1645 edition begins and ends thus:

It is not any private respect of gain, Gentle Reader, for the slightest Pamphlet is now adayes more vendible than the Works of learnedest men; but it is the love I have to our own Languagē that hath made me diligent to collect, and set forth such Peeces both in Prose and Vers as may renew the wonted honour and esteem of our English tongue. . . . Reader, if thou art Eagle-eid to censure their worth, I am not fearful to expose them to thy exactest perusal.

It is all too remindful of the third Hermon Ould Memorial Lecture (*The Hand and Flower Press*), THE WRITER IN A CHANGING SOCIETY, in which J. B. Priestley with more bluntness and equal justice reminds us that "the cost of books goes up and up; the number of intelligent book-buyers goes down and down."

#### July the Fourth

A pamphlet that had a resounding success in America in 1776 was written by one better known on this side for *The Rights of Man* and *The Age of Reason*. SO THOMAS PAINE: A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL CHECK LIST OF *Common Sense* WITH AN ACCOUNT OF ITS PUBLICATION (Yale University Press and Geoffrey Cumberlege, 60s.), by Richard Gimbel, is a wry reminder to the British of those "concife Remarks on the Englifh Conftitutifn" which consolidated the movement towards American independence, and its price (enough to make Mr. Priestley bridle) does not lessen the irony. The edition however is limited and is a handsome production so detailed and meticulous as to provide its moneysworth to librarian and collector. It lists and arranges over a hundred-and-fifty printings of *Common Sense* and Colonel Gimbel's historical Introduction records disputes and settles

queries. Of the numerous facsimiles the one of the Saturday number of the *Pennsylvania Evening Post* ("Price only Two Coppers") invites avid attention, not entirely to the front and back pages filled with Paine and pamphlet but to the more frivolous inner news. There are no samples of his handwriting in the book, so it is the dust-jacket containing a replica of a letter of his which must be protected from the dust.

#### Going shopping

Many entertainingly instructive facsimiles adorn the pages of FRIENDS OF THE PEOPLE (B. T. Batsford, 18s.), by Asa Briggs, an historian equal to the task of charting the unfamiliar path of the evolution of shopkeeping; it has been as important, he says, "as the industrial revolution in reshaping our daily lives." The occasion is the centenary year of David Lewis' small Liverpool men's and boys' clothing business when he out-peddled the pedlar by buying and selling only for cash. Soon the women were also to be clothed from top to toe by his enterprise, and branches began to appear in Manchester and the other big provincial towns, to provide for all our retail wants, culminating in the acquisition of what Londoners and Americans know as Selfridges. Lord Woolton, who was once the junior partner and became chairman, contributes a Foreword to fill in personal knowledge and rightly emphasize that the growth of the firm "has been used as an illustration of part of the social history of a century" of vast change. Professor Briggs has plainly enjoyed his delvings into the distributive and technological mysteries of department stores and has therefore made lively reading. The dozens of illustrations range from the misery of 1862 cotton operatives at home to the opulence of the Bon Marché in 1880, from bicycle suits to fashions of the 1920's, from "New Penny Readings" of the best poets and prose writers to 1956 office organization, and combine with him to endow the shopping basket with a significance hitherto bedimmed.

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AND LET GOD BE YOUR  
DREAD."

(Isaiah viii.)

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LORD shall be delivered."

(Joel ii. 32.)

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